

C A B I N
AND
PLANTATION SONGS

AS SUNG BY THE
HAMPTON STUDENTS

ARRANGED BY
THOMAS P. FENNER

IN CHARGE OF MUSICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE HAMPTON NORMAL AND
AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE OF VIRGINIA

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK : 27 & 29 WEST 23D STREET
LONDON : 25 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN

Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute.

*Devoted to the Education of Colored Teachers for the
Colored Race, and to Industrial Training.*

(S. C. ARMSTRONG,

PRINCIPAL.

J. F. B. MARSHALL,

TREASURER.

Rev. T. K. FESSENDEN,

FINANCIAL SECT.

P O ADDRESS, BOX 10, HAMPTON, VA.

Number of Teachers, 4; Number of Students, 243—107 Men, 99 Women; Average Age, 19 Years
Course of Study—English Branches and Practical Arts and Industries.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE HAMPTON INSTITUTE

There are one hundred graduates engaged in teaching, in the public schools of Virginia, North Carolina, and other States. They are acceptable to all classes. During the past three years not one serious complaint has come from them or about them from any quarter, while many hearty commendations have been received from the educated men of the South.

The plan of colored teachers for the colored race is as sound in practice as it is in theory. It stimulates the negro child by the power of example; it avoids hostility, secures good will, and is the best means of a true reconstruction. It is economical, practicable, and successful.

For the means of decent living, our students depend upon the institution; they are destitute, and most of them cannot pay in cash a half of their small board bill, which is ten dollars per month, and the only regular charge made. They work out what they cannot pay. Much of the work is given out at a pecuniary loss, for instruction rather than profitable production is made primary. The payment of labor in the laundry, kitchen, dining-room and on the school-premises, is a direct tax upon our cash income.

The industries of farming, clothing manufacture, printing, carpentering, &c., pay their own running cost, including students' wages, and part of the salaries of managers. Industrial education must depend in part upon outside aid. Were production the end in view the case would be different, for only the skillful and the smallest possible number would be employed, and the ignorant majority would remain unemployed and untaught.

Permanent scholarships of one thousand dollars, or annual scholarships of seventy dollars a year for three years,—two hundred and ten dollars in all—are a desirable and essential aid, enabling us to give tuition and all school advantages of every kind, except board, free of charge.

We never ask for a pupil what he can earn for himself. We ask support for a system that affords the poorest negro youth a chance to work his way, and that requires the richest to do his share of manual labor; that aims to form good habits as well as to impart knowledge, and to send men and women rather than scholars into the world.

Can you make a better use of seventy dollars a year than by giving education to a colored student who shall become a teacher? Can you in any better way fulfil your duty to the ignorant and unfortunate?

This institution depends in large part upon the public,—upon no sect, for it is undenominational. Yet it is decidedly Christian in its teaching, and expects its graduates will become useful as evangelists as well as educators. The value of their labor in Sunday schools cannot be overestimated.

There never was a time when the colored race needed friends more than now. General sympathy is exhausted. The tide of enthusiasm which sustained their schools the first ten years is fast ebbing. A race cannot be Christianized in a decade, or by anything, but by systematic permanent educational forces, one of which this Institution aims to become. Our duty is to see the negro through—not to leave him as he is to-day, without a single endowed institution south of Washington or four millions of ex-slaves.

The eight hundred thousand illiterate negro voters are a serious political fact. Safety demands their enlightenment, to this end a common school system is indispensable, and to secure this good teachers are the first requisite. Help us to furnish the teachers and we will make the people. The entire resources and energies of Hampton are directed to this point, and in its behalf we most earnestly ask that its great and pressing need be met—permanent and reliable means of support.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, Principal.

T. K. FESSENDEN, Financial Secretary.

HAMPTON VIRGINIA, Sept., 1875.

FARMINGTON, CONN

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1874

PREFACE TO MUSIC.

THE slave music of the South presents a field for research and study very extensive and rich, and one which has been scarcely more than entered upon.

There are evidently, I think, two legitimate methods of treating this music: either to render it in its absolute, rude simplicity, or to develop it without destroying its original characteristics; the only proper field for such development being in the harmony.

Practical experience shows the necessity, in some cases, of making compensation for its loss in being transplanted. Half its effectiveness, in its home, depends upon accompaniments which can be carried away only in memory. The inspiration of numbers; the overpowering chorus, covering defects; the swaying of the body; the rhythmical stamping of the feet; and all the wild enthusiasm of the negro camp-meeting—these evidently can not be transported to the boards of a public performance. To secure variety and do justice to the music, I have, therefore, treated it by both methods. The most characteristic of the songs are left entirely or nearly untouched. On the other hand, the improvement which a careful bringing out of the various parts has effected in such pieces as "*Some o' dese Mornin's*," "*Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard*," "*Dust an' Ashes*," and "*The Church ob God*," which seemed especially susceptible to such development, suggests possibilities of making more than has ever yet been made out of this slave music.

Another obstacle to its rendering is the fact that tones are frequently employed which we have no musical characters to represent. Such, for example, is that which I have indicated as nearly as possible by the flat seventh, in "*Great Camp-meetin'*," "*Hard Trials*," and others. These tones are variable in pitch, ranging through an entire interval on different occasions, according to the inspiration of the singer. They are rarely discordant, and often add a charm to the performance. It is of course impossible to explain them in words, and to those who wish to sing them, the best advice is that most useful in learning to pronounce a foreign language: *Study all the rules you please; then—go listen to a native.*

One reason for publishing this slave music is, that it is rapidly passing away. It may be that this people which has developed such a wonderful musical sense in its degradation will, in its maturity, produce a composer who could bring a music of the future out of this music of the past. At present, however, the freedmen have an unfortunate inclination to despise it, as a vestige of slavery; those who learned it in the old time, when it was the natural outpouring of their sorrows and longings, are dying off, and if efforts are not made for its preservation, the country will soon have lost this wonderful music of bondage.

THOMAS P. FENNER.

HAMPTON, VA., January 1, 1874.

NOTE.—The melodies in this book, with three exceptions—on pages 206, 245, 247—are published here for the first time, and these exceptions are themselves original in arrangement and effect. The words of the slave hymns are often common property through the South, sung to different tunes in different sections of the country.

CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS.

Oh, den my little Soul's gwine to Shine.

"THIS was sung by a boy who was sold down South by his master; and when he parted from his mother, these were the words he sang."—J. H. BAILEY.

1. I'm gwine to jine de great'so-ci-a-tion, I'm gwine to jine de

great'so-ci-a-tion, I'm gwine to jine de great'so-ci-a-tion;

Den my lit-tle soul's gwine to shine, shine, Den my

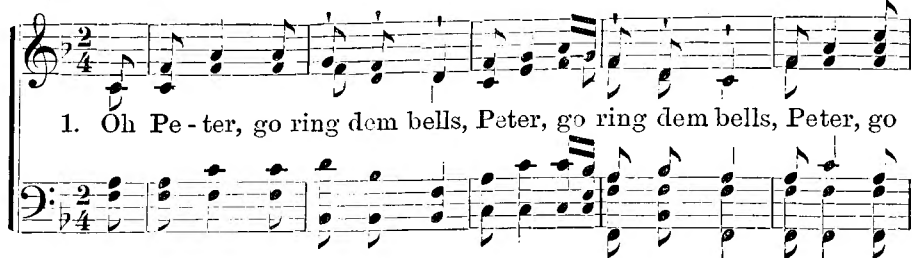
lit-tle soul's gwine to shine a-long. Oh,

- 2 I'm gwine to climb up Jacob's ladder, Den my little soul, &c.
- 3 I'm gwine to climb up higher and higher, Den my little soul, &c.
- 4 I'm gwine to sit down at the welcome table, Den my little soul, &c.
- 5 I'm gwine to feast off milk and honey, Den my little soul, &c.
- 6 I'm gwine to tell God how-a you sarved me, Den my little soul, &c.
- 7 I'm gwine to jine de big baptizin', Den my little soul, &c.

Peter, go Ring dem Bells.

"A secret prayer-meeting song, sung by Thomas Vess, a blacksmith and a slave. He especially sang it when any one confessed religion. Thomas Vess was a man whose heart was given to these songs, for in the neighborhood where he lived, it seemed like a prayer-meeting did not go on well without him. I have long since learned wherever he was known what happiness he got from them."

J. M. WADDY.



1. Oh Pe - ter, go ring dem bells, Peter, go ring dem bells, Peter, go

Al Cho. after D. C.

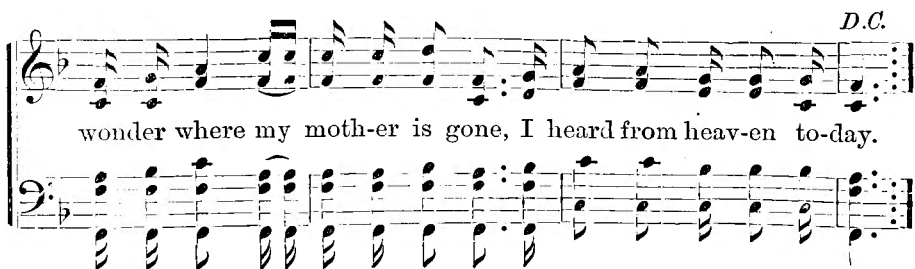


ring dem bells, I heard from heav-en to-day. I wonder where my



mother is gone, I won-der where my mother is gone, I

D. C.



wonder where my moth-er is gone, I heard from heav-en to-day.

Peter, go Ring dem Bells.—Concluded.**CHORUS.**

I heard from heav-en to-day, I heard from heav-en to - day, I

thank God, and I thank you too, I heard from heaven to - day.

- 2 I wonder where sister Mary's gone—
 I heard from heaven to-day;
 I wonder where sister Martha's gone—
 I heard from heaven to-day;
 It's good news, and I thank God—
 I heard from heaven to-day.
 Oh, Peter, go ring dem bells—
 I heard from heaven to-day.

CHO.—I heard from heaven, &c.

- 3 I wonder where brudder Moses gone—
 I heard from heaven to-day;
 I wonder where brudder Daniel's gone—
 I heard from heaven to-day;
 He's gone where Elijah has gone—
 I heard from heaven to-day;
 Oh, Peter, go ring dem bells—
 I heard from heaven to-day.

CHO.—I heard from heaven, &c.

My Lord, what a Morning.

1. My Lord, what a morning, My Lord, what a morn-ing, My

Lord, what a morn-ing, When de stars be-gin to fall. *Fine.*

You'll hear de trumpet sound, To wake de na-tions un-der -
You'll hear de sin-ner moan, To wake, &c.

ground, Look in my God's right hand, When de stars begin to fall. *D.C. al Fine.*

2 You'll hear de Christians shout, To wake, &c.

Look in my God's right hand, When de stars, &c.

You'll hear de angels sing, To wake, &c.

Look in my God's right hand, When de stars, &c.

CHO.—My Lord, what a morning, &c.

3 You'll see my Jesus come, To wake, &c.

Look in my God's right hand, When de stars, &c.

His chariot wheels roll round, To wake, &c.

Look in my God's right hand, When de stars, &c.

CHO.—My Lord, what a morning, &c.

Hail! Hail! Hail!

Children, hail! hail! hail! I'm gwine jine saints a - bove;

Hail! hail! hail! I'm on my jour - ney home. Oh, Bright

Fine.

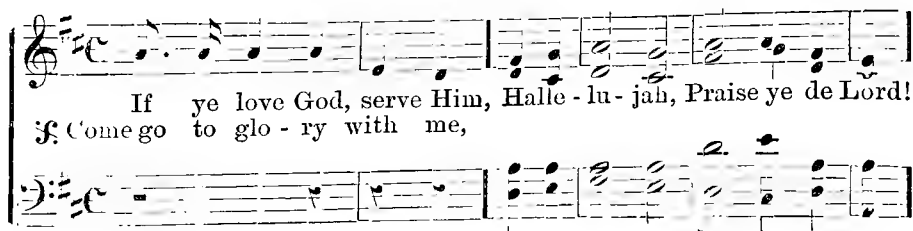
look up yan - der, what I see, I'm on my journey home.
an - gels com - in' ar - ter me, I'm on my journey home.

D.C. al Seg.

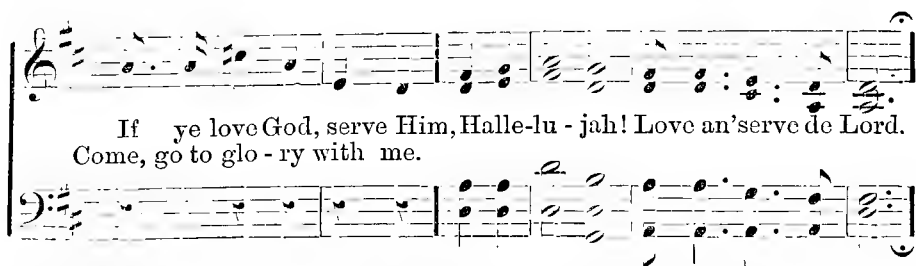
2 If you git dere before I do,
I'm on my journey home—
Look out for me—I'm comin' too;
I'm on my journey home.
CHO.—Children, hail, &c.

3 Oh, hallelujah to de Lamb!
I'm on my journey home;
King Jesus died for ebry man,
I'm on my journey home.
CHO.—Children, hail, &c.

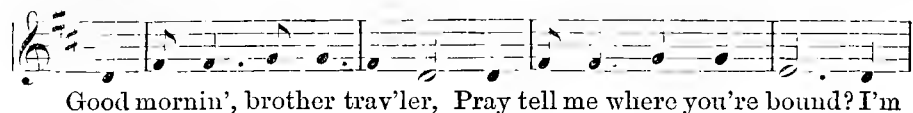
Lobe an' serve de Lord.



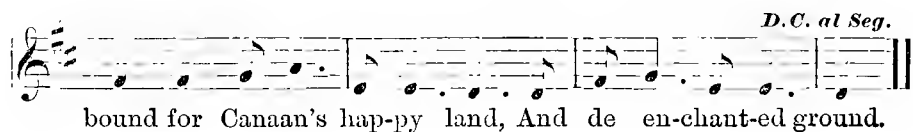
If ye love God, serve Him, Halle-lu-jah, Praise ye de Lord!
Come go to glo-ry with me,



If ye love God, serve Him, Halle-lu-jah! Love an' serve de Lord.
Come, go to glo-ry with me.



Good mornin', brother trav'ler, Pray tell me where you're bound? I'm



D.C. al Seg.

bound for Canaan's hap-py land, And de en-chant-ed ground.

- 2 Oh, when I was a sinner,
I liked my way so well;
But when I come to find out,
I was on de road to hell.
CHO.—I fled to Jesus—Hallelujah! &c.
Oh, Jesus received me, Hallelujah, &c.
- 3 De Father, He looked on de Son, and smiled,
De Son, He looked on me;
De Father, redeemed my soul from hell;
An' de Son, He set me free.
CHO.—I shouted Hallelujah! Hallelujah, &c.
I praised my Jesus, Hallelujah, &c.
- 4 Oh when we all shall get dere,
Upon dat-a heavenly sho',
We'll walk about dem-a golden streets,
An' nebber part no mo'.
CHO.—No rebukin' in de churches—Hallelujah,
Eb'ry day be Sunday—Hallelujah, &c.

Swing low, sweet Chariot.

Oh swing low, sweet cha - ri - ot, Swing low, sweet cha - ri - ot,

The first system of the song features a treble and bass staff in C major, 4/4 time. The melody is simple and repetitive, with the lyrics 'Oh swing low, sweet cha - ri - ot, Swing low, sweet cha - ri - ot,' written below the notes.

Swing low, sweet cha-ri - ot, I don't want to leave me be - hind.

The second system continues the melody with the lyrics 'Swing low, sweet cha-ri - ot, I don't want to leave me be - hind.' The notation includes a repeat sign at the end of the phrase.

Oh de good ole chariot swing so low, Good ole chariot swing so low,

The third system introduces a new melody with the lyrics 'Oh de good ole chariot swing so low, Good ole chariot swing so low,'. The notation includes a repeat sign at the end of the phrase.

Oh de good ole chariot swing so low, I don't want to leave me behind.

D. C.

The fourth system continues the melody with the lyrics 'Oh de good ole chariot swing so low, I don't want to leave me behind.' The notation includes a repeat sign at the end of the phrase and the instruction 'D. C.' (Da Capo) above the final measure.

2 Oh de good ole chariot will take us all home,
I don't want to leave me behind.

CHO.—Oh swing low, sweet chariot, &c.

My Bretheren, don't get Weary.

CHO.

My breth-er - en, don't get wea - ry, An - gels brought de

ti-ding down; Don't get wea - ry, I'm hunt-ing for a home. home.

You'd b t-ter be a pray - ing, I do love de Lord; For

judg-ment day is a com-ing, I do love de Lord. Lord.

2 Oh whar you runnin', sinner ?

I do love de Lord—

De judgment day is a comin'!

I do love de Lord.

CHO.—My bretheren, &c.

3 You'll see de world on fire!

I do love de Lord—

You'll see de clement a meltin',

I do love de Lord.

CHO.—My bretheren, &c.

4 You'll see de moon a bleedin';

I do love de Lord—

You'll see the stars a fallin';

I do love de Lord.

CHO.—My bretheren, &c.

Nobody knows de trouble I've Seen.

(This song was a favorite in the Sea Islands. Once when there had been a good deal of ill feeling excited, and trouble was apprehended, owing to the uncertain action of the Government in regard to the confiscated lands on the Sea Islands, Gen. Howard was called upon to address the colored people earnestly. To prepare them to listen, he asked them to sing. Immediately an old woman on the outskirts of the meeting began "Nobody knows the trouble I've seen," and the whole audience joined in. The General was so affected by the plaintive melody, that he found it difficult to maintain his official dignity.)

Oh, no - bod - y knows de trou-ble I've seen, No - bod - y knows but

Je - sus, Nobod - y knows de trouble I've seen. Glory Hal-le - lu - jah!

Some-times I'm up, sometimes I'm down; Oh, yes, Lord;
Al - though you see me goin' long so, Oh, yes, Lord;

Some - times I'm al - most to de groun', Oh, yes, Lord.
I have my tri - als here be - low, Oh, yes, Lord.

2 One day when I was walkin' along, Oh yes, Lord—
De element opened, an' de Love came down, Oh yes, &c.
I never shall forget dat day, Oh yes, &c.
When Jesus washed my sins away, Oh yes, &c.
Cho.—Oh, nobody knows de trouble I've seen, &c.

View de Land.

CHORUS.

Oh way o - ver Jer - dan, View de land, View de land-

Way o - ver Jer - dan, Go view de heavenly land.

I'm born of God, I know I am; View de land. View de land;
I want to go to heaven when I die; View de land, View de land;

And you de - ny it, if - a you can, Go view de heav'nly land.
To shout sal - va - tion as - a I fly, Go view de heav'nly land.

D. C.

- 2 What kind o' shoes is dem-a you wear? View de land, &c.
Dat you can walk upon de air? Go view, &c.
Dem shoes I wear am de gospel shoes; View de land, &c.
An' you can wear dem ef-a you choose; Go view, &c.—*Cho.*
- 3 D-r' is a tree in Paradise; View de land, &c.
De Christian he call it de tree ob life; Go view, &c.
I spects to eat de fruit right off o' dat tree; View de land, &c.
Ef busy old Satan will let-a me be; Go view, &c.—*Cho.*
- 4 You say yer Jesus set-a you free; View de land, &c.
Why don't you let-a your neighbor be? Go view, &c.
You say you're aiming for de skies; View de land, &c.
Why don't you stop-a your telling lies; Go view, &c.—*Cho.*

CHORUS.

The Danville Chariot.

Oh swing low, sweet cha-riot, Pray let me enter in, I don' want to

stay here no long-er. I done been to heaven, an' I done been tried, I
Oh down to de wa - ter I was led, my

D. C.
been to de water, an' I been baptized, I don' want to stay here no longer.
soul got fed with de heav'nly bread, I don' want to stay here no longer.

2 I had a little book, an I read it through,
I got my Jesus as well as you:

I don' want to stay here no longer;
Oh I got a mother in de promised land,
I hope my mother will feed dem lambs;

I don' want to stay here no longer.

CHO.—Oh swing low, sweet chariot, &c.

3 Oh, some go to church for to holler an' shout,
Before six months dey're all turned out;

I don' want to stay here no longer.

Oh, some go to church for to laugh an' talk,
But dey knows nothin' bout dat Christian walk;
I don' want to stay here no longer.

CHO.—Oh, swing low, sweet chariot, &c.

4 Oh shout, shout, de deb'l is about;

Oh shut your do' an' keep him out;

I don' want to stay here no longer.

For he is so much-a like-a snaky in de grass,
Ef you don' mind he will get you at las',

I don' want to stay here no longer.

CHO.—Oh, swing low, sweet chariot, &c.

Ef ye want to see Jesus.

"My father sang this hymn, and said he knew a time when a great many slaves were allowed to have a revival for two days, while their masters and their families had one; and a great many professed religion. And one poor, ignorant man, professed religion, and praised God, and sang this hymn."

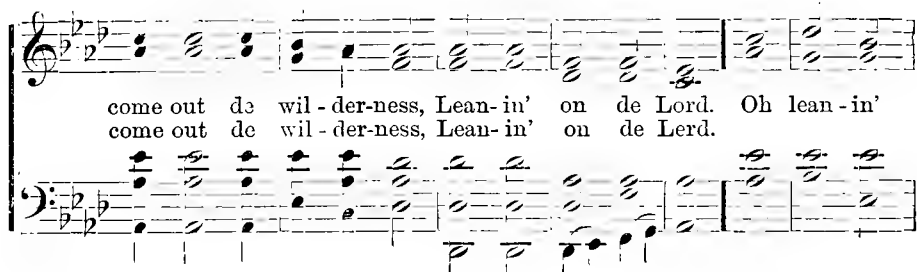
Ef ye want to see Je - sus, Go in de wilderness, Go in de

wil-der-ness, Go in the wilderness, Ef ye want to see Je - sus,


Go in de wilderness Lean-in' on de Lord. Oh, brother how d'ye
 I felt so

feel, when ye come out de wil - der-ness, come out de wil - der-ness,
 happy when I come out de wil - der-ness, come out de w l - der-ness,

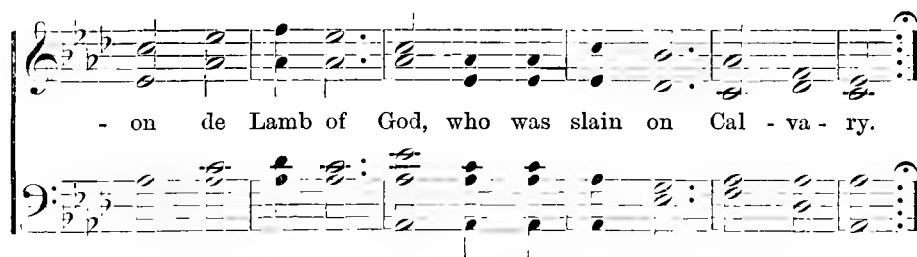
come out de wil - der-ness. Oh brud-der, how d'ye feel when ye
 oome out de wil - dor-ness. I felt so bappy when I

If ye want to see Jesus.—*Concluded.*


come out de wil-der-ness, Lean-in' on de Lord. Oh lean-in'
come out de wil-der-ness, Lean-in' on de Lerd.



on de Lord, Lean-in' on de Lord, Oh lean-in' up -



- on de Lamb of God, who was slain on Cal - va - ry.

2 I shouted Hallelujah, when I come out de wilderness—
Leanin' on de Lord ;
I heard de angels singin', when I come out de wilderness—
Leanin' on de Lord ;
I heard de harps a harpin,' when I come out de wilderness—
Leanin' on de Lord.
CHO.—Oh, leanin' on de Lord.

3 I heard de angels moanin', when I come out de wilderness—
Leanin' on de Lord ;
I heard de deb'l howlin', when I come out de wilderness—
Leanin' on de Lord ;
I gib de deb'l a batt'le, when I come out de wilderness—
Leanin' on de Lord.
CHO.—Oh, leanin' on de Lord.

Oh, Yes.

Oh, yes! Oh, yes! I tell ye, breth-er-en, a mor-tal fac',

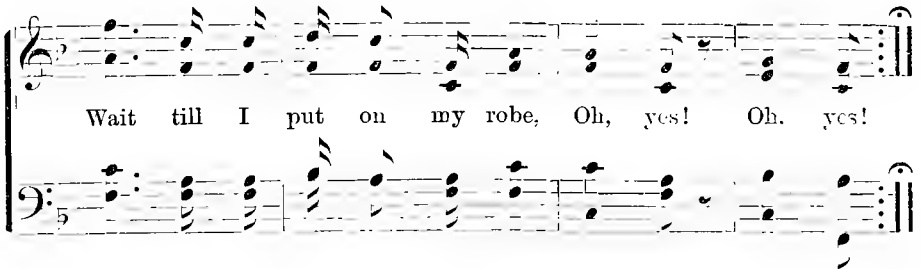
Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Ef ye want to get to heab'n, don't nebbber look back,

Oh, yes! Oh, yes! I want to know-a before I go, Oh, yes! Oh, yes!
Ebber since I hab-a been newly born.

Yea, whether you love-a de Lord or no, Oh, yes! Oh, yes!
I love for to see-a God's work go on,

Oh, wait till I put on my robe, wait till I put on my robe,

Oh, Yes.—Concluded.



2.

Ef eber I land on de oder sho', Oh, yes.
 I'll nebbber come here for to sing no mo',
 Oh, yes;
 A golden band all round my waist,
 An' de palms ob vic-a-try in-a my hand,
 An' de golden slippers on to my feet,
 Gwine to walk up an' down o' dem golden
 street.
 CHO.—Oh, wait till I put on my robe.

3.

An' my lovely bretherin, dat aint all, Oh,
 yes,
 I'm not done a talkin' about my Lord:
 An' a golden crown a-placed on a-my head,
 An' my long white robe a-come-a-dazzlin'
 down,
 Now wait till I get on my gospel shoes,
 Gwine to walk about de heaben an' a-car-
 ry de news.
 CHO.—Oh, wait till I put on my robe.

4.

I'm anchored in Christ, Christ anchored
 in me, Oh, yes, &c.,
 All de deb'ls in hell can't-a-pluck a-me
 out;
 An' I wonder what Satan 's grumbulin'
 about,
 He's bound into hell, an' he can't git out.
 But he shall be loose an' hab his sway,
 Yea at de great resurrection day.
 CHO.—Oh, wait till I put on my robe.

*Verses, some of which are often added as
 encores.*

5.

I went down de hill side to make a-oue
 prayer, Oh, yes,

An' when I got dere, old Satan was dere,
 Oh, yes,
 An' what do ye t'ink he said to me?
 Oh, yes,
 Said, "Off from here you'd better be."
 Oh, yes;
 An' what for to do, I did not know, Oh,
 yes,
 But I fell on my knees, an' I cried, Oh,
 Lord, Oh, yes.
 Now my Jesus bein' so good an' kind,
 Yea, to de with-er-ed, halt an' blind:
 My Jesus lowered his mercy down.
 An' snatch-a-me from a-dem doors ob hell,
 He snatch-a-me from dem doors ob hell,
 An' took-a me in a-wid him to dwell.
 CHO.—Oh, wait till I put on my robe.

6.

I was in de church an' prayin' loud,
 An' on my knees to my Jesus bowed,
 Ole Satan tole me to my fac.,
 "I'll git you when-a-you leave dis place!"
 Oh, brother, dat scare me to my heart,
 I was 'fraid to walk a-when it was dark.
 CHO.—Oh, wait till I get on my robe.

7.

I started home, but I did pray,
 An' I met ole Satan on de way:
 Ole Satan made a-one grab at me.
 But he missed my soul, an' I went free.
 My sins went a-lumberin' down to hell,
 An' my soul went a-leapin' up Zion's hill;
 I tell ye what, bretherin, you'd better not
 laugh,
 Ole Satan 'll run you down his path;
 If he runs you, as he run me,
 You'll be glad to fall upon your knee.
 CHO.—Oh, wait till I put on my robe.

Run, Mary, Run.

Run, Ma - ry, run, Run, Ma - ry, run, Oh, run, Ma - ry, run, I

know de od - er worl' m not like dis. Fire in de east, an'
Jordan's rib - er is a

fire in de west, I know de od - er worl' m not like dis,
rib - er to cross, I know de od - er worl' m not like dis,

Bound to burn de wil-der-ness, I know de od - er worl' m not like dis.
Stretch your rod an' come a - cross, I know, &c.

D.C. al Fine.

- 2 Swing low, chariot, into de cast, I know, &c.
Let God's children hab some peace; I know, &c.
Swing low, chariot, into de west; I know, &c.
Let God's children hab some rest; I know, &c.—CHO.
- 3 Swing low, chariot, into de north: I know, &c.
Gib me de gold widout de dross; I know, &c.
Swing low, chariot, into de south; I know, &c.
Let God's children sing and shout; I know, &c.—CHO.
- 4 Ef dis day war judgment day, I know, &c.
Ebery sinner would want to pray; I know, &c.
Dat trouble it come like a gloomy cloud; I know, &c.
Gader tick, an' tunder loud; I know, &c.—CHO.

Religion is a Fortune.

Oh, re-lig-ion is a fortune, I ra-ly do be-lieve, Oh, re -

- ligion is a fortune, I ra-ly do believe, Oh, re-li-gion is a

for-tune, I ra-ly do be-lieve, Whar sab-baths have no end.

DUO.

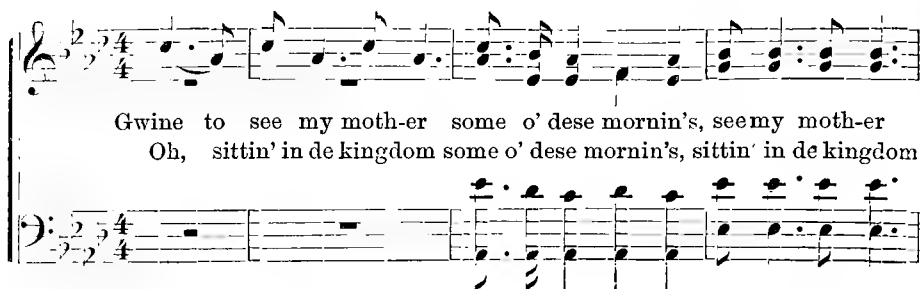
Whar ye been, poor mourner, whar ye been so long; Been low down in de

Dal Seg. f.

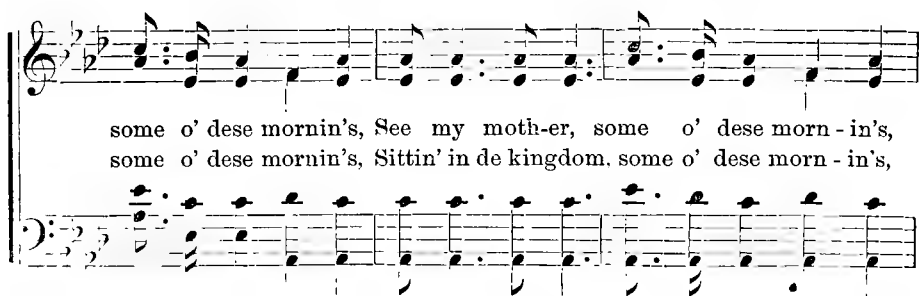
val-ley for to pray, An' I aint done pray-ing yet.

- 2 Gwine to sit down in de kingdom, I raly do believe, Whar Sabbaths, &c.,
Gwine to walk about in Zion, I raly do believe, Whar Sabbaths, &c.
Duo.—Whar ye ben young convert, &c.
- 3 Gwine to see my sister Mary, I raly do believe, Whar Sabbaths, &c.
Gwine to see my brudder Jouah, I raly do believe.
Duo.—Whar ye ben good Christian, &c.
- 4 Gwine to talk-a wid de angels, I raly do believe, Whar Sabbaths, &c.,
Gwine to see my massa Jesus, I raly do believe, Whar Sabbaths, &c.

Some o' dese Mornin's.



Gwine to see my moth-er some o' dese mornin's, see my moth-er
Oh, sittin' in de kingdom some o' dese mornin's, sittin' in de kingdom



some o' dese mornin's, See my moth-er, some o' dese morn-in's,
some o' dese mornin's, Sittin' in de kingdom. some o' dese morn-in's,



Look a-way in de heav-en, Look a -
Look a-way in de heaven,
Look a-way in de heav-en, Look a -
Hope I'll jine de band. Look a-way in de heaven,
Hope I'll jine de band. Look away in de heaven,

Some o' dese Moruin's.—Continued

way in de heav-en, . . . Look a-way in de

Look a-way in de heaven, in de

- way in de heav-en. . . Look a-way in de

Look a-way in de heaven, in de

Look a-way in de heav-en, Look a-way in de

heaven, Lord, Hope I'll jine de band, Look a-way in de

heav-en, Lord, Hope I'll jine de band, Look a-

Look away, . . .

heav-en, Lord, Hope I'll jine de band, Look a-way in de

heav-en, Lord, Hope I'll jine de band, Look a-

heav-en, Lord, Hope I'll jine de band, Look away in de

Some o' dese Mornin's.—Concluded.

heav - en, Look a - way in de hea - ven, Look a -
 - way in de heav-en, Look a-way in de heaven, Look a -
 Look a-way Look a-way.....
 heav-en, Look a - way in de heav-en, Look a -
 heaven, Look a-way in de heaven. Look a-way
 - way in de heav-en, Look a-way in de heav-en,
 heav-en, Look a-way in de heaven,
 - way, In de hea-ven, Lord, Hope I'll join de band.
 in de hea-ven, Lord, Hope I'll jine de band.
 in de hea-ven, Lord, Hope I'll jine de band.
 - way, in de heav-en, Lord, Hope I'll jine de band.
 Look a-way in de heav-en, Lord, Hope I'll jine de band.
 Look a-way in de heav-en, Lord, Hope I'll jine de band.

- 2 Gwine to see my brother some o' dese mornin's;
 Oh, shouting in de heaven some o' dese mornin's,
 Hope I'll jine de band. CHO.—Look away.
- 3 Gwine to walk about in Zion, some o' dese mornin's,
 Gwine to talk-a with de angels some o' dese mornin's,
 Hope I'll jine de band. CHO.—Look away.
- 4 Gwine to talk de trouble ober some o' dese mornin's,
 Gwine to see my Jesus some o' dese mornin's,
 Hope I'll jine de band. CHO.—Look away.

My Lord delibered Daniel.

My Lord de-lib-er-ed Dan-iel, My Lord de-lib-er-ed Dan-iel, My

Lord de-lib-er-ed Dan-iel; Why can't he de-lib-cr me?

I met a pil-grim on de way, An' I ask him whar he's a gwine. I'm

bound for Canaan's hap-py lan', An' dis is de shout-ing band. Go on!

2.

Some say dat John de Baptist
Was nothing but a Jew,
But de Bible doth inform us
Dat he was a preacher, too;
Yes, he was!

CHO.—My Lord delibered Daniel.

3.

Oh, Daniel cast in de lions den,
He pray both night an' day,
De angel came from Galilee,
An' lock de lions' jaw.
Dat's so.

CHO.—My Lord delibered Daniel.

4.

He delibered Daniel from de lions' den,
Jonah from de belly ob de whale,
And de Hebrew children from de fiery
furnace,
And why not ebery man?
Oh, yes!

CHO.—My Lord delibered Daniel.

5.

De richest man dat eber I saw
Was de one dat beg de most,
His soul was filled wid Jesus,
And wid de Holy Ghost.
Yes it was!

CHO.—My Lord delibered Daniel.

Oh, wasn't dat a wide Riber.

CHO.

Oh, wasn't dat a wide rib - er, Rib - er ob Jor - dan, Lord,

Wide rib - er, Dere's one more rib - er to cross;

Oh, you got Je - sus, hold him fast. One more rib-er to cross,
'Tis stronger dan an i - ron band, One more rib-er to cross,

Oh, bet-ter love was neb-ber told, One more rib-er to cross.
'Tis sweeter dan dat hon-ey comb, One more rib-er to cross. *D.C.*

2.
Oh, de good ole chariot passing by,
One more riber to cross,
She jarred de earth an' shook de sky,
One more, &c.,
I pray, good Lord, shall I be one?
One more, &c.,
To get up in de chariot, trabbel on,
One more, &c.,
CHO. - Oh, wasn't dat a wide riber? &c.

3.
'Ve're told dat de fore-wheel run by love,
O e more, &c.,
'e're told dat de hind wheel run by faith,
One more, &c.,

I hope I shall get dere bimeby,
One more, &c.,
To jine de number in de sky,
One more, &c.,
CHO. - Oh, wasn't dat a wide riber? &c.

4.
Oh, one more riber we hab to cross,
One more, &c.,
'Tis Jordan's riber we hab to cross,
One more, &c.,
Oh, Jordan's riber am chilly an' cold,
O ie more, &c.,
But I got de glory in-a my soul,
One more, &c.,
CHO. Oh, wasn't dat a wide riber? &c.

CHORUS.

Oh, give way, Jordan.

Oh, give way, Jordan, give way, Jordan, Oh, give way, Jordan, I
Jordan, give way, Jordan, give way,

DUET.

want to go a - cross to see my Lord. Oh, I heard a sweet mu - sic
Oh, I heard a sweet mu - sic

QUARTETTE.

DUET.

up a - bove, I want to go a - cross to see my Lord; An' I
in de air, I want to go a - cross to see my Lord; An' I

QUARTETTE.

wish dat music would come here, I want to go a - cross to see my Lord.
wish dat music would come here, I want to go a - cross to see my Lord.

2.

Oh, stow back, stow back de powers of hell,
I want to go across to see my Lord,
And let God's children take de field,
I want to go across to see my Lord.
Now stan' back Satan, let me go by,
I want to go across, &c.,
Gwine to serve my Jesus till I die,
I want to go across, &c.—Cho.

3.

Soon in de mornin' by de break ob day,
I want to go across, &c.,
See de ole ship ob Zion sailin' away,
I want to go across, &c.,

Now I must go across, an' I shall go
across,

I want to go across, &c.,
Dis sinful world I count but dross,
I want to go across, &c.—Cho.

4.

Oh, I heard such a lumbering in de sky.
I want to go across, &c.,
It make a-me t'ink my time was nigh,
I want to go across, &c.,
Yes, it must be my Jesus in de cloud,
I want to go across, &c.,
I nebber heard him speak so loud -
I want to go across, &c.—Cho.

John Saw.

CHORUS.

John saw, Oh, John saw, John saw de ho - ly num-ber,

Set-tin on de gold - en al - tar. 1. Wor - thy, wor - thy

is the Lamb, is the Lamb, is the Lamb, Wor - thy, wor - thy

is the Lamb, Set - tin' on de gold - en al - tar. *D. C.*

- 2 Mary wept, an' Martha cried—Settin' on, &c.
 To see de'r Saviour crucified—Settin' on, &c.
 Weepin' Mary, weep no more—Settin' on, &c.
 Jesus say He gone before—Settin' on, &c.

CHO.—John saw, &c.

- 3 Want to go to hebben when I die—Settin' on, &c.
 Shout saivation as I fly—Settin' on, &c.
 It's a little while longer here below—Settin' on, &c.
 Den-a home to glory we shall go—Settin' on, &c.

CHO.—John saw, &c.

King Emanuel.

1. Oh, who do you call de King E-man-u - el; I call my Je - sus

CHORUS.

King E-man - u - el. Oh de King E-man - u - el is a

might-y 'man-u - el; I call my Je - sus King Eman - u - el.

- 2 Oh, some call Him Jesus ; but I call Him Lord,
 I call my Jesus King Emanuel ;
 Let's talk about de hebbin, an' de hebbin's fine t'ings,
 I call my Jesus King Emanuel.
 CHO.—Oh de King Emanuel, &c.
- 3 Oh steady, steady, a little while ;
 I call my Jesus King Emanuel ;
 I will tell you what my Lord done for me ;
 I call my Jesus King Emanuel.
 CHO.—Oh de King Emanuel, &c.
- 4 He pluck-a my feet out de miry clay ;
 I call my Jesus King Emanuel ;
 He sot dem a-on de firm Rock o' Age;
 I call my Jesus King Emanuel.
 CHO.—Oh de King Emanuel, &c.

De ole Sheep done know de Road.

CHORUS.

Oh de ole sheep done know de road, De ole sheep done know de road, De

ole sheep done know de road, De young lambs mus' find de way.

Oh, soon-er in de mornin' when I rise, De youn g lambs mus' find de way.
My brudder aint ye got yer counts all sealed, De young lambs, &c.

Wid crosses an' tri-als on cb-ry side, De young lambs mus' find de way.
You'd bet-ter go get em 'fore ye leave dis field, De young lambs, &c.

2 Oh, shout my sister, for you are free, De young lambs, &c.,
For Christ hab bought your liberty, De young lambs, &c.,
I raly do believe widout one doubt, De young lambs, &c.,
Dat de Christian hab a mighty right to shout, De young lambs, &c.
CHO.—Oh, de ole sheep, &c.

3 My brudder, better mind how you walk on de cross, De young lambs, &c.,
For your foot might slip, an' yer soul git lost, De young lambs, &c.,
Better mind dat sun, and see how she run, De young lambs, &c.,
An' mind don't let her catch ye wid yer works undone, De young lambs, &c.
CHO.—Oh, de ole sheep, &c.

De Church of God.

De church of God dat sound so sweet, De

De church of God..... dat sound so sweet, De

church, de church of God.....

1st. 2d.

God, dat sound so sweet. God, dat sound so sweet.

God, so sweet. God, so sweet.

church of God, de church of God, dat sound so sweet, God, dat sound so sweet.

QUARTETTE.

Oh, look up yan - - der what I see..... Bright

Look up yan - - der, what I see, Bright

an - gels com - in' ar - ter me..... me. ar - ter me.

1st. 2d. D. C.

an - gels com - in ar - ter me. ar - ter me.

2. 3.

Oh, Jesus tole you once before,
To go in peace an' siu no more;
Oh, Paul an' Silas bound in jail,
Den one did sing, an' de oder pray.
CHO.—De church ob God, &c.

Oh, did you hear my Jesus say
"Come unto me, I am de way;"
Oh, come along, Moses, don't get lost,
Oh, stretch your rod, an' come across.
CHO.—De church ob God, &c.

Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard.

This peculiar but beautiful medley was a great favorite among the hands in the tobacco factories in Danville, Va.

May de Lord—He *will* be glad of me.... May de Lord—He

The first system of musical notation is in G major (one sharp) and common time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter note G, followed by a quarter rest, then eighth notes A and B, and continues with various chords and single notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

will be glad of me... May de Lord—He *will* be glad of me;

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a melodic line with some grace notes and slurs. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment of chords and single notes.

In de heav-en He'll re - joice. In de heav-en, once, In de

The third system introduces a new melodic phrase. The treble staff has a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) above the first measure. The melody is more active, with many eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff continues with a similar accompaniment style.

heav - en, twice, In de heav - en He'll re - joice, In de

The fourth system continues the lively melody. The treble staff shows a dynamic marking of *f* above the first measure. The melody is characterized by frequent eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a consistent accompaniment.

heav-en, once, In de heav-en, twice, In de heav-en He'll re - joice.

The fifth system concludes the piece. The treble staff features a dynamic marking of *f* above the first measure. The melody ends with a final chord. The bass staff concludes with a final accompaniment chord.

Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard.—Continued.*DUO—Soprano and Tenor.*

Bright spar-kles in de church-yard, Give light un-to de tomb,

TRIO—1st & 2d Soprano & Alto.

Bright summer, spring's o-ver, Sweet flow-ers in de'r bloom.

QUARTETTE.

Bright sparkles in de church-yard Give light un-to de tomb, Bright

Tutti.

sum-mer, springs over, sweet flow-ers in der bloom. My mother, once, my

mother, twice, my mother she'll re-joice. In de heaven, once, in de

Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard.—Continued.

1st TIME. 2d TIME.

heaven, twice, In de heaven she'll re-joice, In de heaven she'll rejoice.

p

Mother, rock me in de cra-dle all de day . . . all de day, Mother,

rock me in de cra - dle all de day . . . Moth - er,

rock me in de cra - dle all de day . . . all de day, Moth - er,

rock me in de cra - dle all de day,

Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard.—Continued.

QUARTETTE.

All de day,..... all de day, all de day, all de day, Oh,

rock me in de cra-dle all de day.... all de day....

day, all the day, all de day, Oh, rock me in de

cra-dle all de day. Oh, moth-er, don't ye love yer dar-lin'

child, Oh, rock me in de cra-dle all de day.... Oh,

Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard.—Continued.

moth-er, don't ye love yer dar - lin child? Oh, rock me in de

ff
cra - dle all de day.... Mother, rock me in de cra - dle,
Moth-er, rock me in the cra - dle, moth-er,

rock me in de cra - dle, rock me in de cra - dle all de
rock me in de cra - dle, mother,

1st *2d* **QUARTETTE**
day.... mother, day. All de day..... all de day.....
all de day, all de

..... Oh, rock me in de cra - dle all de day.....
day,

Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard.—*Concluded.*

all de day..... all de day..... Oh,

rock me in de cra-dle all de day. *p* You may

lay me down to sleep, my mother dear, Oh, rock me in de cradle all de

day, You may lay me down to sleep, my moth - er

Dim - in - u - en - do.
dear, Oh, rock me in de cra-dle all de day. . .

Judgment Day is a-rollin' around.

CHO.

Judgment, Judgment, Judgment day is a-roll-in' a-round,

Judgment, Judgment, Oh, how I long to go.

SOLO.

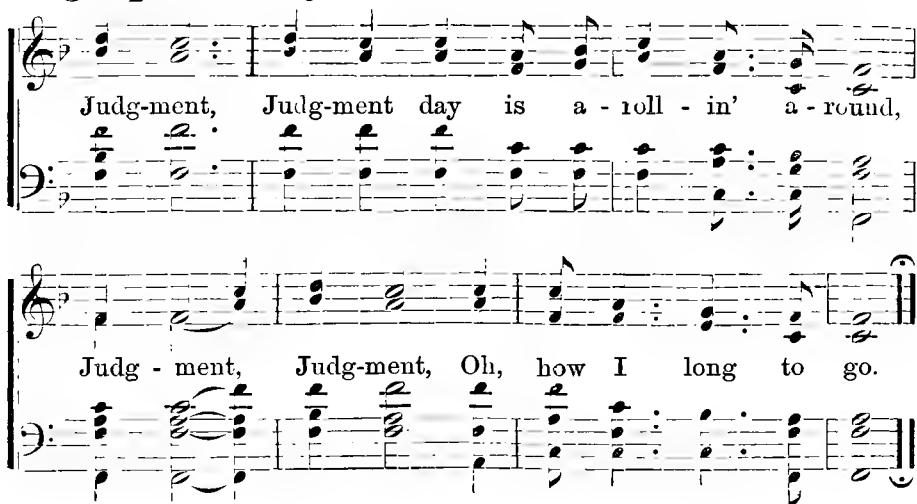
I've a good ole mud-der in de heav-en, my Lord,
I've a good ole fa-der in de heav-en, my Lord,

TUTTI.

Oh, how I long to go dere too; I've a good ole mud-der in de
Oh, how I long to go dere too; I've a good ole fa-der in de

TUTTI.

heav-en, my Lord, Oh, how I long to go. Judg-ment,
heav-en, my Lord, Oh, how I long to go.

Judgment Day is a-rollin' around.—Concluded.

2.

Dar's a long white robe in de heaven
for me,
Oh, how I long to go dere too ;
Dar's a starry crown in de heaven for
me,
Oh, how I long to go.
My name is written in de book ob
life,
Oh, how I long to go dere too,
Ef you look in de book you'll fin'em
dar,
Oh, how I long to go.

3.

Brudder Moses gone to de kingdom,
Lord,
Oh, how I long to go dere too ;
Sister Mary gone to de kingdom,
Lord,
Oh, how I long to go.
Dar's no more slave in de kingdom,
Lord,
Oh, how I long to go dere too,
All is glory in de kingdom, Lord,
Oh, how I long to go.

4.

My brudder build a house in Para-
dise,
Oh, how I long to go dere too ;
He built it by dat ribber of life,
Oh, how I long to go.
Dar's a big camp meetin' in de king-
dom, Lord,
Oh, how I long to go dere too,
Come, let us jine dat a heavenly
crew,
Oh, how I long to go.

5.

King Jesus sittin' in de kingdom,
Lord,
Oh, how I long to go dere too ;
De angels singin' all round de trone,
Oh, how I long to go.
De trumpet sound de Jubilo,
Oh, how I long to go dere too,
I hope dat trump will blow me
home,
Oh, how I long to go.

Oh, Sinner, you'd better get ready.

♩ CHO.

Oh, sin-ner, you'd bet-ter get rea - dy, Rea - dy, my Lord,

rea - dy, Oh, sin-ner, you'd bet-ter get rea - dy, For the

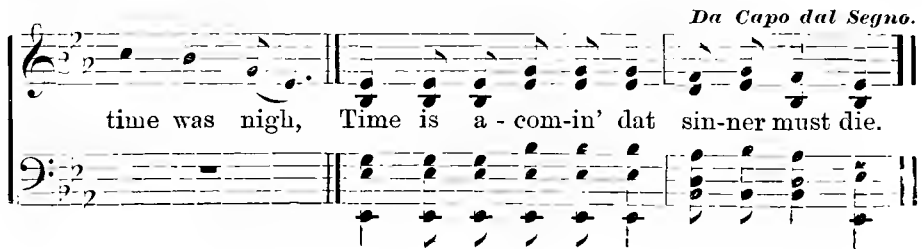
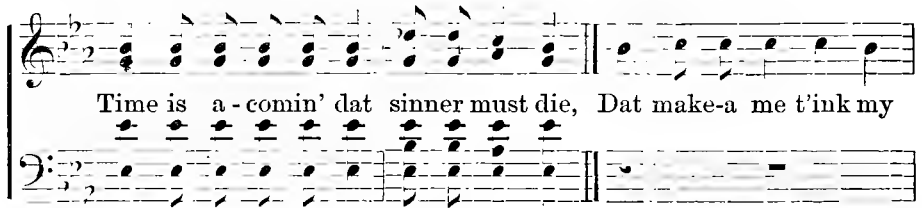
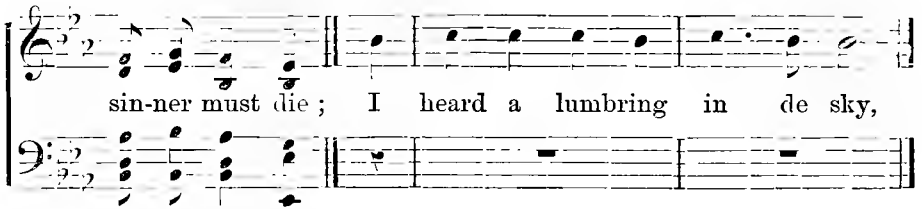
FINE.

time is a - comin' dat sinner must die. Oh, sinner man, you had

bet-ter pray, Time is a - com-in' dat sin-ner must die ;

For it look-a like judgment eb-ry day. Time is a-comin' dat

Oh, Sinner, you'd better get ready.—*Concluded.*



2.

I heard of my Jesus a many one say—
 Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die,
 Could 'move poor sinner's sins away—
 Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die.
 Yes, I'd rather a pray myself away—
 Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die,
 Dan to lie in hell an' burn a-one day—
 Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die.
 CHO.—Oh, sinner, you'd better get ready, &c.

3.

I think I heard a my mother say—
 Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die,
 'Twas a pretty thing a to serve de Lord—
 Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die.
 Oh, when I get to Heaven I'll be able for to tell—
 Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die,
 Oh, how I shun dat dismal hell—
 Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die.
 CHO.—Oh, sinner, you'd better get ready, &c.

Hear de Lambs a Cryin'.

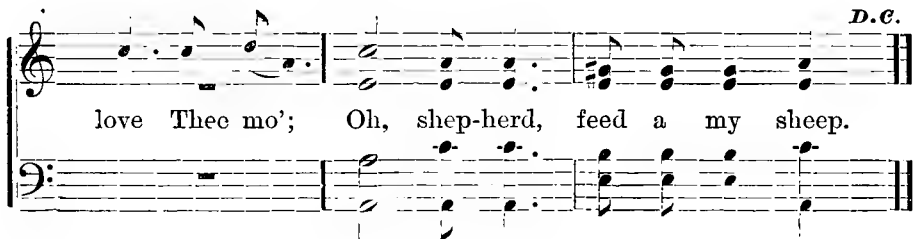
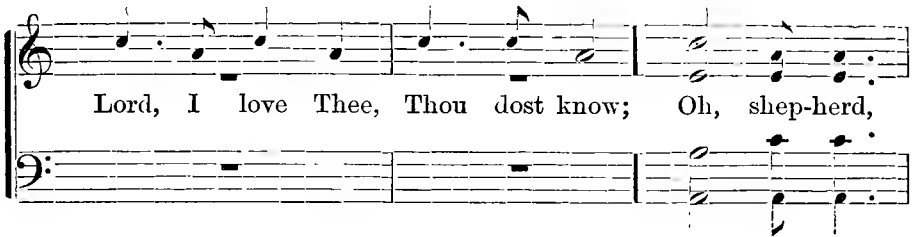
First system of musical notation. The treble staff contains a melody in C major, 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: "You hear de lambs a cry-in', Hear de lambs a cry-in',".

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Hear de lambs a cry-in', Oh, shepherd, feed-a my sheep."

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Our Sav-iour spoke dese words so sweet: 'Oh shep-herd,"

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are: "feed-a my sheep, Said, 'Pe-ter, if ye love me,"

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are: "feed my sheep." Oh, shep-herd, feed-a my sheep. Oh,

Hear de Lambs a Cryin'.—Concluded.

- 2 I don' know what you want to stay here for, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
 For dis vain world's no friend to grace, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
 If I only had wings like Noah's dove, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
 I'd fly away to de heavens above, Oh, shepherd, &c.

CHO.—You hear de lambs crying, &c.

- 3 When I am in an agony, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
 When you see me, pity me, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
 For I am a pilgrim travellin' on, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
 De lonesome road where Jesus gone, Oh, shepherd, &c.

CHO.—You hear de lambs a-crying, &c.

- 4 Oh, see my Jesus hanging high, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
 He looked so pale an' bled so free, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
 Oh, don't you think it was a shame, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
 He hung three hours in dreadful pain, Oh, shepherd, &c.

CHO.—You hear de lambs a-crying, &c.

Rise and Shine.

CHORUS.

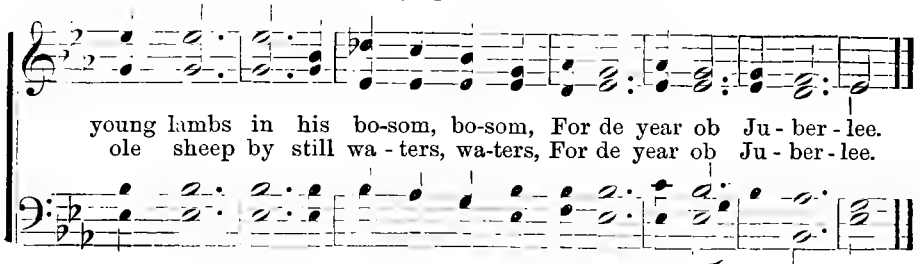
Oh, rise an' shine, an' give God de glo - ry, glo - ry, Rise an'

shine, an' give God de glo - ry, glo - ry, Rise an' shine, an'

give God de glo - ry, glo - ry for de year of Ju - ber - lee.

Je - sus car - ry de young lambs in his bo - som, bo - som,
Je - sus lead de ole sheep by still wa - ters, wa - ters,

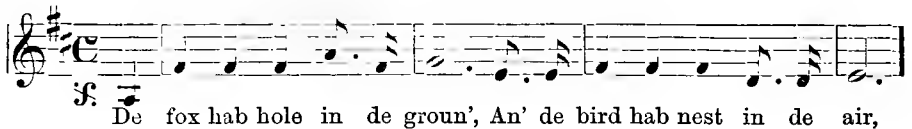
Car - ry de young lambs in his bo - som, bo - som, Car - ry de
Lead de ole sheep by still wa - ters, wa - ters, Lead de

Rise and Shine.—Concluded.


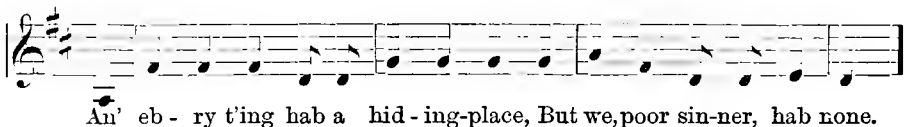
young lambs in his bo-som, bo-som, For de year ob Ju - ber - lee.
ole sheep by still wa - ters, wa-ters, For de year ob Ju - ber - lee.

- 2 Oh, come on, mourners, get you ready, ready,
Come on, mourners, get you ready, ready, (*bis*),
For de year ob jubilee;
You may keep your lamps trimmed an' burning, burning,
Keep your lamps trimmed an' burning, burning, (*bis*),
For de year ob jubilee.
CHO.—Oh, rise an' shine, &c.

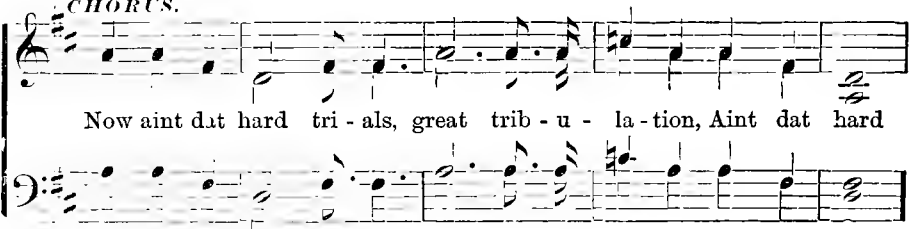
- 3 Oh, come on, children, don't be weary, weary,
Come on, children, don't be weary, weary, (*bis*),
For de year ob jubilee;
Oh, don't you hear dem bells a-ringin', ringin',
Don't you hear dem bells a-ringin', ringin', (*bis*),
For de year ob jubilee.
CHO.—Oh, rise an' shine, &c.

Hard Trials.


De fox hab hole in de groun', An' de bird hab nest in de air,



An' eb - ry t'ing hab a hid - ing-place, But we, poor sin-ner, hab none.

CHORUS.


Now aint dat hard tri - als, great trib - u - la - tion, Aint dat hard

Hard Trials.—Concluded.

tri - als I'm boun' to leabe dis world. 1. Bap-tist, Bap-tist is my name,
2. Methodist, Methodist is my name,
3. Presbyterian, Presbyterian, &c.

Bap - tist till I die, I'll be baptize in de Bap - tist name, An' I'll
Metho-dist t'll I die, I'll be baptize in de Methodist name, An' I'll
Presbyterian till, &c. Presbyterian name, &c.

D.S. Cho. al Fine.

lib on de Bap - tist side. 4. You may go dis - a way, You may
lib on de Methodist side.
lib on de Presbyterian side.

go dat - a way, You may go from do' to do', But ef you

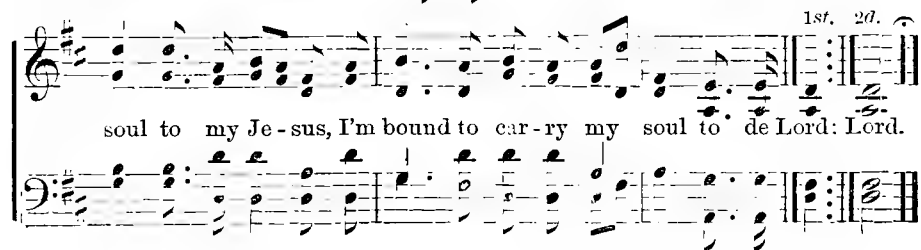
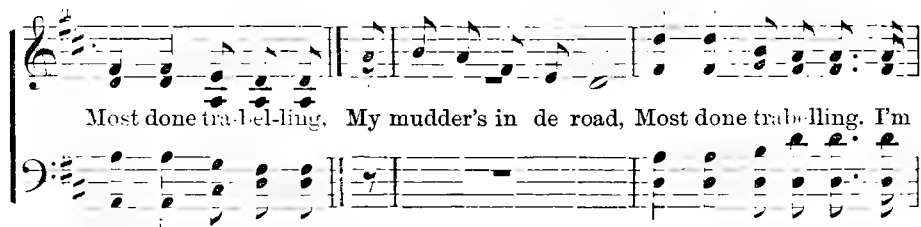
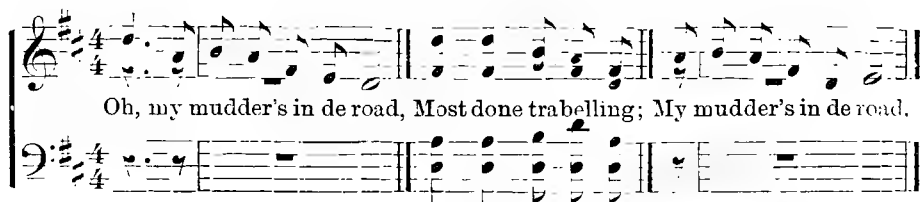
hab-n't got de grace ob God in you heart, De deb - il will get you sho'.

5. Now while we are march-in a - long dis dread - ful road,

D.C. dal Cho.

You had bet - ter stop your dif - fer - ent names, An'...

Most Done Trabelling.



2.

Oh, my sister's in de road,
Most done trabelling,
My sister's in de road, } (*bis*)
Most done trabelling.
CHO.—I'm bound to carry, &c.

3.

Oh, my brudder's in de road,
Most done trabelling,
My brudder's in de road, } (*bis*)
Most done trabelling.
CHO.—I'm bound to carry, &c.

4.

Oh, de preacher's in de road,
Most done trabelling,
De preacher's in de road, } (*bis*)
Most done trabelling.
CHO.—I'm bound to carry, &c.

5.

All de member's in de road,
Most done trabelling,
De members' in de road, } (*bis*)
Most done trabelling.
CHO.—I'm bound to carry, &c.

Gwine up.

CHO.

Oh, yes, I'm gwine up, gwine up, gwine all de way. Lord, Gwine up,

gwine up to see de hebbenly land, Oh, yes, I'm gwine up, gwine up,

gwine all de way. Lord, Gwine up, gwine up to see de hebbenly land.

Oh, saints an' sin-ners will-a you go, see de hebbenly land,

I'm a gwine up to heaven for to see my robe, See de hebbenly land,

Gwine up.—Concluded.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key with one flat (B-flat). The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The lyrics are written below the Treble staff.

Gwine to see my robe an' try it on, See de hebbenly land,

It's brighter dan-a dat glit-ter-in' sun, See de hebbenly land. *D. C.*

2.

I'm a gwine to keep a climbin' high—
 See de hebbenly land;
 Till I meet dem-er angels in-a de sky—
 See de hebbenly lan'.
 Dem pooty angels I shall see—
 See de hebbenly lan';
 Why don't de debbil let-a me be—
 See de hebbenly lan'.
 CHO.—Oh yes, I'm gwine up, &c.

3.

I tell you what I like-a de best—
 See de hebbenly lan';
 It is dem-a shoutin' Methodess—
 See de hebbenly lan';
 We shout so loud de debbil look—
 See de hebbenly lan';
 An' he gets away wid his cluvven foot—
 See de hebbenly lan'.
 CHO.—Oh, yes, I'm gwine up, &c.

I hope my Mother will be there.

This was sung by the hands in Mayo's Tobacco Factory, Richmond, and is really called
"The Mayo Boys' Song."

1st.

I hope my moth-er will be there, In that beau-ti-ful world on high.
That used to join with me in pray'r. In that beau-ti-ful world on high.

2d. *CHO.*

high. Oh, I will be there... Oh I will be there.....
will be there. will be there.

With the palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of glo-ry you

shall wear In that beau-ti-ful world on high.

2 I hope my sister will be there,
In that beautiful world on high,
That used to join with me in prayer,
In that beautiful world on high.
CHO.—Oh, I will be there, &c.

3 I hope my brother will be there,
In that beautiful world on high,

That used to join with me in prayer,
In that beautiful world on high.
CHO.—Oh, I will be there, &c.

4 I know my Saviour will be there,
In that beautiful world on high,
That used to listen to my prayer,
In that beautiful world on high.
CHO.—Oh, I will be there, &c.

Oh, de Hebben is Shinin'.

CHORUS.

Oh de heb-ben is shi-nin', shi-nin', O Lord, de heb-ben is shi-nin'

full ob love. Oh, Fare-you-well, friends, I'm gwine to tell you all; De
Oh, when I build a my tent a-gin', De

heb-ben is shi-nin' full ob love; Gwine to leave you all a-mine
heb-ben is shi-nin' full ob love: Build it so ole Sa-tan he

eyes to close; De heb-ben is shi-nin' full ob love.
can't get in; De heb-ben, &c.

- 2 Death say, "I come on a-dat hebbently 'cree; De hebben is, &c.
My warrant's for to summage thee: De hebben is, &c.
An' whedder thou prepared or no; De hebben is, &c.
Dis very day He say you must go;" De hebben is, &c.—*Cho.*
- 3 Oh, ghastly Death, wouldst thou prevail: De hebben is, &c.
Oh, spare me yet anoder day; De hebben is, &c.
I'm but a flower in my bloom; De hebben is, &c.
Why wilt thou cut-a me down so soon? De hebben is, &c.—*Cho.*
- 4 Oh, if I had-a my time agin; De hebben is, &c.
I would hate dat road-a dat leads to sin; De hebben is, &c.
An' to my God a-wid earnest pray: De hebben is, &c.
An' wrastle until de break o' day; De hebben is, &c.—*Cho.*

Who'll jine de Union.

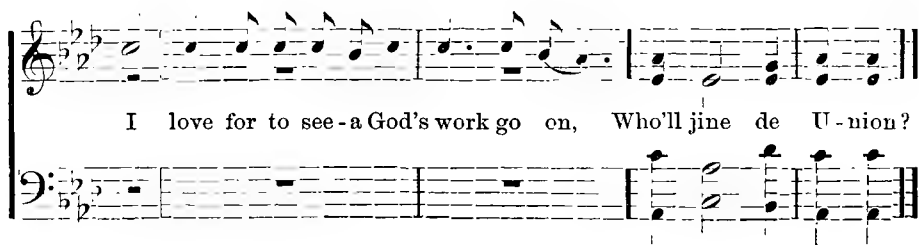
Oh, Hal - le - lu - jah, Oh, Hal - le - lu - jah, Oh, Hal - le -

- lu - jah, Lord, Who'll jine de U - nion? My love - ly breth - er - en,

how ye do? Who'll jine de U - nion? Oh, does yer love a - con -

- tin - ue true? Who'll jine de U - nion? Eb - er

since I hab - a - been new - ly born. Who'll jine de U - nion?

Who'll jine de Union.—Concluded.

2.

Ef ye want to ketch-a dat hebbently breeze,
 Who'll jine de Union ?
 Go down in de valley upon yer knees,
 Who'll jine de Union ?
 Go bend yer knees right smooove wid de groun',
 Who'll jine de Union ?
 An' pray to de Lord to turn you roun',
 Who'll jine de Union ?
 CHO.—Oh, Hallelujah, &c.

4.


Say, ef you belong to de Union ban',
 Who'll jine de Union ?
 Den here's my heart, an' here's my han'
 Who'll jine de Union ?
 I love yer all, both bond an' free,
 Who'll jine de Union ?
 I love you ef-a you don't love me,
 Who'll jine de Union ?
 CHO.—Oh, Hallelujah, &c.

3.

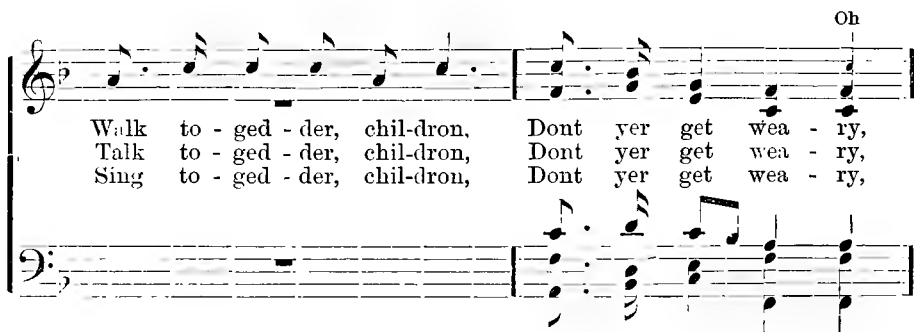
Now ef you want to know ob me,
 Who'll jine de Union ?
 Jess who I am, an' a-who I be,
 Who'll jine de Union ?
 I'm a chile ob God, wid my soul sot free,
 Who'll jine de Union ?
 For Christ hab bought my liberty,
 Who'll jine de Union ?
 CHO.—Oh, Hallelujah, &c.

A great Camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

"This hymn was made by a company of Slaves, who were not allowed to sing or pray anywhere the old master could hear them; and when he died their old mistress looked on them with pity, and granted them the privilege of singing and praying in the cabins at night. Then they sang this hymn, and shouted for joy, and gave God the honor and praise." J. B. TOWE.



Oh walk to - ged - der, chil-dron, Dont yer get wea - ry,
 Oh talk to - ged - der, chil-dron, Dont yer get wea - ry,
 Oh sing to - ged - der, chil-dron, Dont yer get wea - ry,



Oh
 Walk to - ged - der, chil-dron, Dont yer get wea - ry,
 Talk to - ged - der, chil-dron, Dont yer get wea - ry,
 Sing to - ged - der, chil-dron, Dont yer get wea - ry,



Walk to - ged - der, chil-dron, Dont yer get wea - ry, Dere's a
 Talk to - ged - der, chil-dron,
 Sing to - ged - der, chil-dron,



great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land. Gwine to mourn an' neb-ber

A great Camp-meetin'.—Concluded.

tire, Mourn an' neb-ber tire, Mourn an' neb-ber
 tire. Dere's a great camp-meet-in' in de Promised Land.

2.
Oh get you ready, children, Dont you get weary,

Get you ready, children, Dont you, &c. (*bis.*)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

For Jesus is a comin', Dont you get, &c,
Jesus is a comin', Dont you get, &c., (*bis.*)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

Gwine to hab a happy meetin', Dont you get weary,

Hab a happy meetin', Dont you get, &c. (*bis.*)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

CHO.—Gwine to pray an' nebber tire,
Pray an' nebber tire, (*bis.*)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

3.
Gwine to hab it in hebbin, Dont you, &c.
Gwine to hab it in hebbin, Dont, &c. (*bis.*)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de, &c.,
Gwine to shout in hebbin, Dont you get weary,

Shout in hebbin, Dont you get, &c., (*bis.*)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de, &c.,
Oh will you go wid me, Dont you get, &c.,
Will you go wid me, Dont you get, &c., (*bis.*)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de, &c.,

CHO.—Gwine to shout an' nebber tire,
Shout an' nebber tire, (*bis.*)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land,

4.
Dere's a better day comin', Dont you get weary,

Better day a comin'. Dont you get, &c., (*bis.*)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

Oh slap your hands children, Dont, &c.
Slap your hands children, Dont, &c., (*bis.*)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

Oh pat your foot children, Dont you get weary,

Pat your foot children, Dont, &c., (*bis.*)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

CHO.—Gwine to live wid God forever.
Live wid God forever, (*bis.*)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

5.
Oh, feel de Spirit a movin', Dont you, &c.
Feel de Spirit a movin', Dont, &c., (*bis.*)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de, &c.
Oh now I'm get in' happy, Dont you get weary,

Now I'm gettin' happy. Dont, &c., (*bis.*)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de, &c.
I feel so happy, Dont you get weary,
Feel so happy, Dont you get weary, (*bis.*)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de, &c.

CHO.—Oh, fly an' nebber tire,
Fly an' nebber tire, (*bis.*)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

Good news, de Chariot's comin'.

CHORUS.

Good news, de char-iot's com-in', good news, de

Good news

Good news, good news,

good news,

cha - riot's comin', good news, de cha - riot's com-in', I

good news,

don' want her leave a me be - hind. Gwine to

get up in de cha - ri - ot, Car - ry me home,

Good news, de Chariot's comin'.—Concluded.

Get up in de cha - ri - ot, Car - ry me home;

Get up in de cba - ri - ot, car - ry me home,

An' I don' want her leave a me be - hind.

1st. 2d. D.C.

- 2 Dar's a long white robe in de hebben I know,
 A long white robe in de hebben, I know,
 A long white robe in de hebben, I know,
 An' I don' want her leave-a me behind.
 Dar's a golden crown in de hebben, I know,
 A golden crown in de hebben, I know,
 A golden crown in de hebben, I know,
 An' I don' want her leave-a me behind.

CHO.—Good news, de chariot's comin', &c.

- 3 Dar's a golden harp in de hebben, I know,
 A golden harp in de hebben, I know,
 A golden harp in de hebben, I know,
 An' I don' want her leave-a me behind.
 Dar's silver slippers in de hebben, I know,
 Silver slippers in de hebben, I know,
 Silver slippers in de hebben, I know,
 An' I don' want her leave-a me behind.

CHO.—Good news, de chariot's comin', &c.

Don't ye view dat ship a come a sailin'.

For 1st verse only.

Dont ye view dat ship a come a sail-in'? Hal-le-lu-jah,

Dont ye view dat ship a come a sail-in'? Dont ye

view dat ship a come a sail-in'? Dont ye

view dat ship a come a sail-in? Hal-le-lu-jah.

For 2d and all succeeding verses.

Dat ship is heav-y load-ed, Hal-le-lu-jah,

Dont ye biew dat ship.—Concluded.

Dat ship is heav - y.... load - ed, Dat

ship is heav - y..... load - ed, Dat....

ship is heav - y.... load - ed, Hal - le - lu - jah.

- 2 Dat ship is heavy loaded, Hallelujah, &c.
- 3 She neither reels nor totters, Hallelujah.
- 4 She is loaded wid-a bright angels, Hallelujah.
- 5 Oh, how do you know dey are angels? Hallelujah.
- 6 I know dem by a de'r mournin', Hallelujah.
- 7 Oh, yonder comes my Jesus, Hallelujah.
- 8 Oh, how do you know it is Jesus? Hallelujah.
- 9 I know him by-a his shinin', Hallelujah.

I don't feel no-ways tired.

I am
Oh,....

Oh,
I am seek-in' for a ci - ty, Hal - le - lu - jah,
Oh,.... bredren, trab - bel wid me, Hal - le - lu - jah,

For a
Say,.....

seek - in' for a cit - y, Hal - le - lu - jah,
bred - ren, trab - bel wid me? Hal - le - lu - jah,

For a
Say,.....

cit - y in - to de heav - en, Hal - le - lu - jah,
will you go a - long wid me? Hal - le - lu - jah,

cit - y in - to de heav - en, Hal - le lu - jah.
will you go a - long wid me? Hal - le lu - jah.

cho.

Lord, I don't feel no - ways ti - red, Chil - dren,

I don't feel no-ways tired.—Concluded.

Oh,..... glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah, For I

hope to shout glo - ry when dis world is on fi - ah,

Chil - dren, Oh,.... glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah.

- 2 We will trabbel on together, Hallelujah, (bis)
 Gwine to war agin de debbel, Hallelujah, "
 Gwine to pull down Satan's kingdom, Hallelujah, "
 Gwine to build up de walls o' Zion, Hallelujah. "
 Cho.—Lord, I don't feel no-ways tired, &c.
- 3 Dere is a better day a comin', Hallelujah, (bis)
 When I leave dis world o' sorrer, Hallelujah, "
 For to jine de holy number, Hallelujah, "
 Den we'll talk de trouble ober, Hallelujah. "
 Cho.—Lord, I don't feel no-ways tired, &c.
- 4 Gwine to walk about in Zion, Hallelujah, (bis)
 Gwine to talk a wid de angels, Hallelujah, "
 Gwine to tell God 'bout my crosses, Hallelujah, "
 Gwine to reign wid Him foreber, Hallelujah. "
 Cho.—Lord, I don't feel no-ways tired, &c.

Did you hear my Jesus.

First system of musical notation. The treble clef staff contains a melody in 4/4 time, starting with a quarter rest followed by eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass clef staff contains a bass line with chords and single notes. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Ef you want to get to heb-ben, come a-long, come a-long, Ef you
Ef you want to see de an-gels, come a-long, come a-long, Ef you

Second system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melody. The bass clef staff continues the bass line. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

want to get to heb-ben, come a-long, come a-long, Ef you
want to see de an-gels, come a-long, come a-long, Ef you

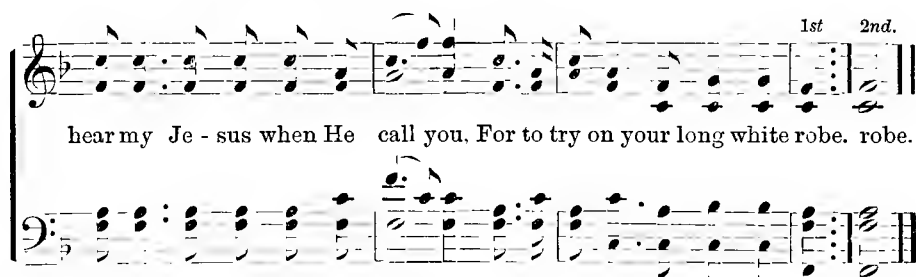
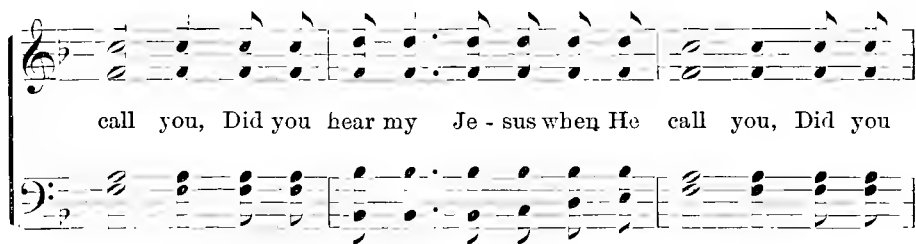
Third system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melody. The bass clef staff continues the bass line. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

want to go to heb-ben, come a-long, come a-long,
want to see de an-gels, come a-long, come a-long,

CHORUS.

Chorus section of musical notation. The treble clef staff contains a melody with a repeat sign. The bass clef staff contains a bass line with chords. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

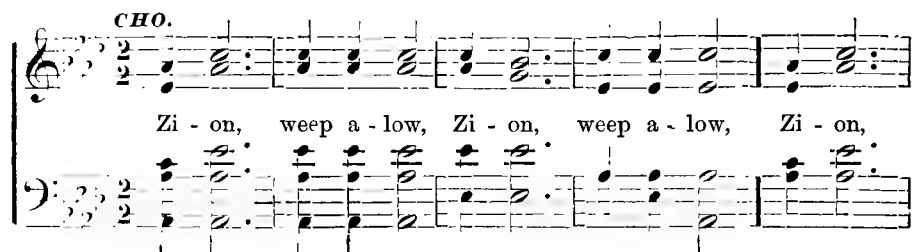
Hear my Je-sus when He call you. Did you hear my Je-sus when He
Hear my Je-sus when He call you.

Did you hear my Jesus.—Concluded.

- 2 Oh, de hebben gates are open, come along, come along,
 Oh, de hebben gates are open, come along, come along, (*bis.*,
 Hear my Jesus when He call you;
 Oh, my mother's in de kingdom, come along, come along,
 Oh, my mother's in de kingdom, come along, come along, (*bis.*,
 Hear my Jesus when He call you,
 I am gwine to meet her yander, come along, come along,
 I am gwine to meet her yander, come along, come along, (*bis.*,
 Hear my Jesus when He call you.
- CHO.—Did you hear my Jesus when he call you,
 Did you hear my Jesus when he call you, (*bis.*,
 For to try on your long white robe.
- 3 Ef you want to wear de slippers, come along, come along,
 Ef you want to wear de slippers, come along, come along, (*bis.*,
 Hear my Jesus when He call you;
 Ef you want to lib forever, come along, come along,
 Ef you want to lib forever, come along, come along, (*bis.*,
 Hear my Jesus when He call you;
 Did you hear my Jesus calling, "come along, come along,"
 Did you hear my Jesus calling, "come along, come along." (*bis.*,
 Hear my Jesus when He call you.
- CHO.—Did you hear my Jesus when He call you,
 Did you hear my Jesus when He call you, (*bis.*,
 For to try on your long white robe.

Zion, weep a-low.

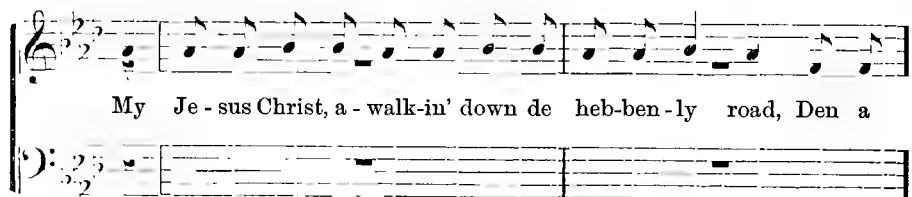
CHO.



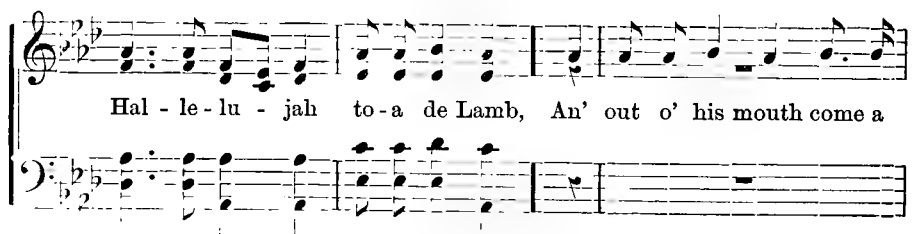
Zi - on, weep a - low, Zi - on, weep a - low, Zi - on,



weep a - low, Den - a Hal - le - lu - jah to - a de Lamb.



My Je - sus Christ, a - walk-in' down de heb-ben - ly road, Den a



Hal - le - lu - jah to - a de Lamb, An' out o' his mouth come a



two-edged sword, Den a Hal - le - lu - jah to - a de Lamb,

Zion, weep a-low.—Concluded.

Say, what sort o' sword dat you talk-in' 'bout Den a

Hal - le - lu - jah to - a de Lamb, I'm talk-in' 'bout dat

two-edged sword, Den a Hal - le - lu - jah to - a de Lamb. Oh. D. C.

- 2 Oh, look up yonder, Lord, a-what I see,
 Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
 Dere's a long tall angel a comin' a'ter me,
 Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
 Wid a palms o' vicatry in-a my hand,
 Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
 Wid a golden crown a-placed on-a my head,
 Den a Hallelujah, &c. Cho.—Oh, Zion, weep a-low.
- 3 Zion been a-weepin' all o' de day,
 Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
 Say, come, poor sinners, come-a an' pray,
 Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
 Oh, Satan, like a dat huntin' dog,
 Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
 He hunt dem a Christian's home to God,
 Den a Hallelujah, &c. Cho.—Oh, Zion, weep a-low.
- 4 Oh, Hebben so high, an' I so low,
 Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
 I don' know shall I ebber get to Hebben or no,
 Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
 Gwine to tell my brudder befo' I go,
 Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
 What a dolesome road-a I had to go,
 Den a Hallelujah, &c. Cho.—Oh, Zion, weep a-low.

Sweet Canaan.

My mother used to tell me how the colored People all expected to be free some day, and how one night, a great many of them met together in a Cabin, and tied little budgets on their backs, as though they expected to go off some where, and cried, and shook hands, and sang this hymn.

CHO.

ALICE DAVIS.

Oh, de land I am bound for, Sweet Canaan's happy land I am bound for, Sweet

Canaan's happy land I am bound for, Sweet Canaan's happy land, Pray,

FINE.

give me your right hand. Oh, my brother, did you come for to help me,
Oh, my sis - ter, did you come for to help me,

Oh, my brother, did you come for to help me, Oh, my brother, did you
Oh, my sis - ter, did you come for to help me, Oh, my sis - ter, did you

1st 2d. D. C.

come for to help me; Pray, give me your right hand, your right hand.
come for to help me; Pray, &c.

NOTE. —There is so little variety to the verses of "Sweet Canaan" that we have not thought it worth while to give them at greater length. They readily suggest themselves, and seem to be limited only by the number of the singer's relations and friends.

In dat great gittin'-up Mornin'.

THIS song is a remarkable paraphrase of a portion of the Book of Revelations, and one of the finest specimens of negro "Spirituals." The student who brought it to us, and who sings the Solos, has furnished all that he can remember of the almost interminable succession of verses, which he has heard sung for half an hour at a time, by the slaves in their midnight meetings in the woods. He gives the following interesting account of its origin :

"I have heard my uncle sing this hymn, and he told me how it was made. It was made by an old slave who knew nothing about letters or figures. He could not count the number of rails that he would split when he was tasked by his master to split 150 a day. But he tried to lead a Christian life, and he dreamed of the General Judgment, and told his fellow-servants about it, and then made a tune to it, and sang it in his cabin meetings."

J. B. TOWE.

I'm a gwine to tell you bout de comin' ob de Sav-iour; Fare-you-well,

Fare-you-well. I'm a gwine to tell you 'bout de com-in ob de Saviour:

Fare-you-well, Fare-you-well. Dar's a bet-ter day a comin'; Fare-you-well,

Fare-you-well; When my Lord speaks to His Fa-der; Fare-you-well,

Fare-you-well. Says Fa-der, I'm tired o' bear-in', Fare-you-well.

In dat great gittin'-up Mornin'.—Continued.

Fare-you - well. Tired o' bear-in for poor sin-ners; Fare-you - well,

Fare-you - well. Oh, preachers, fold your Bi - bles; Fare - you-well;

Fare - you-well; Prayer-makers pray no more; Fare-you-well, Fare-you-well,

For de last soul's con-vert - ed; Fare - you - well, Fare - you-well;

For de last soul's con-vert - ed; Fare - you - well, Fare - you - well.

In dat great gittin-up Mornin'.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

In dat great get - tin - up morn-in; Fare-you - well, Fare-you - well,

In dat great git - tin - up morn - in'; Fare-you-well, Fare-you-well.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 2. Dere's a better day a comin', | 31. Judgment day is comin'. (bis) Cho. |
| 3. When my Lord speaks to his Fader, | 32. Gabriel, blow your trumpet, |
| 4. Says, Fader, I'm tired o' bearin', | 33. Lord, how loud shall I blow it? |
| 5. Tired o' bearin' for poor sinners, | 34. Loud as seven peals of thunder, |
| 6. Oh preachers, fold your Bibles, | 35. Wake de sleepin' nations. |
| 7. Prayer-makers, pray no more, | 36. Den you see poor sinners risin'. |
| 8. For de last soul's converted. (bis) Cho. | 37. See de dry bones a creepin', Cho. |
| 9. De Lord spoke to Gabriel. | 38. Den you see de world on fire, |
| 10. Say, go look behind de altar, | 39. You see de moon a bleedin', |
| 11. Take down de silver trumpet, | 40. See de stars a fallin', |
| 12. Go down to de sea-side, | 41. See de elements meltin', |
| 13. Place one foot on de dry land, | 42. See de forked lightnin', |
| 14. Place de oder on de sea, | 43. Hear de rumblin' thunder. |
| 15. Raise your hand to heaven, | 44. Earth shall reel and totter, |
| 16. Declare by your Maker, | 45. Hell shall be uncapped, |
| 17. Dat time shall be no longer. (bis) Cho. | 46. De dragon shall be loosened. |
| 18. Blow your trumpet, Gabriel. | 47. Fare-you-well, poor sinner. Cho. |
| 19. Lord, how loud shall I blow it? | 48. Den you look up in de heaven, |
| 20. Blow it right calm and easy, | 49. See your mother in heaven. |
| 21. Do not alarm my people, | 50. While you're doomed to destruction. |
| 22. Tell dem to come to judgment. (bis) Cho. | 51. When de partin' word is given, |
| 23. Den you see de coffins bustin', | 52. De Christian shouts to your ruin. |
| 24. Den you see de Christian risin', | 53. No mercy'll ever reach you, Cho. |
| 25. Den you see de righteous marchin', | 54. Den you'll cry out for cold water, |
| 26. Dey are marchin' home to heaven. | 55. While de Christian's shoutin' in glory, |
| 27. Den look upon Mount Zion, | 56. Sayin' amen to your damnation, |
| 28. You see my Jesus comin' | 57. Den you hear de sinner sayin', |
| 29. Wid all his holy angels. | 58. Down I'm rollin', down I'm rollin', |
| 30. Where you rannin', sinner? | 59. Den de righteous housed in heaven, |
| | 60. Live wid God forever. (bis.) Cho. |

Walk you in de Light.

Walk you in de light, Walk you in de light,

The first system of the song features a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time. The melody in the treble staff consists of eighth and quarter notes, while the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Walk you in de light, Walk-in' in de light o' God,

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a more active line with many eighth notes, while the bass staff remains accompanimental.

Oh, chil-dren. God. Oh, chil-dren, do you think it's true,
Yes, He died for me an' He died for you,

This system includes a first ending (1st) and a second ending (2d). The melody in the treble staff has a repeat sign. The lyrics are split across the two lines of the system.

Walkin' in de light o' God, Dat Je - sus Christ did die for you,
For de Ho - ly Bi - ble does say so,

The final system of the song. The melody in the treble staff continues with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are split across the two lines of the system.

Walk you in de Light.—Concluded.

1st. | 2d. D.C. dal Cho.

Walk - in' in de light o' God, Oh, chil - dren.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass, in a key of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and 2/4 time. The melody is simple and repetitive, with a final cadence. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff is labeled '1st.' and the second staff is labeled '2d. D.C. dal Cho.'.

2 I think I heard some children say,
 Walkin' in de light o' God,
 Dat dey neber heard de'r parents pray,
 Walkin' in de light o' God.
 Oh, parents, dat is not de way,
 Walkin' in de light o' God,
 But teach your children to watch an' pray,
 Walkin' in de light o' God.

Cho.—Oh, parents, walk you in de light,
 Walk you in de light, walk you in de light,
 Walkin' in de light o' God.

3 I love to shout, I love to sing,
 Walkin' in de light o' God,
 I love to praise my Heavenly King,
 Walkin' in de light o' God.
 Oh, sisters, can't you help me sing,
 Walkin' in de light o' God,
 For Moses' sister did help him,
 Walkin' in de light o' God.

Cho.—Oh, sisters, walk you in de light, &c.

4 Oh, de heavenly lan' so bright an' fair,
 Walkin' in de light o' God,
 A very few dat enter dere,
 Walkin' in de light o' God.
 For good Elijah did declare,
 Walkin' in de light o' God,
 Dat nothin' but de righteous shall go dere,
 Walkin' in de light o' God.

Cho.—Oh, Christians, walk you in de light, &c.

Sweet Turtle Dove, or Jerusalem Mornin'.

pp 1st, 4th and 8th verses only.

1 Sweet tur - tle dove, she sing - a so sweet, Mud-dy de wa - ter,

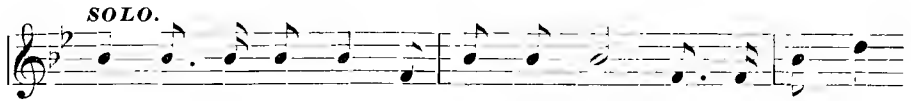
so deep, An' we had a lit - tle meet - in' in de

morn - in', A - for to hear Ga - bel's trum - pet sound.

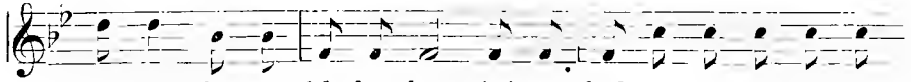
CHORUS.

Je - ru - sa - lem morn - in', Je - ru - sa - lem morn - in' by de

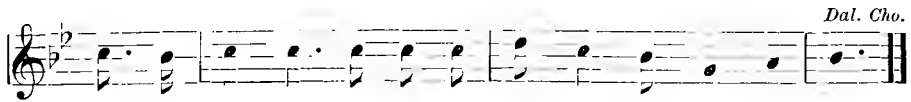
light, Don't you hear Ga - bel's trum-pet in dat morn - in'?

Sweet Turtle Dove.—Concluded.

2 Old sis - ter Win - ny, she took her seat, An' she want all



de mem - bers to fol - ler her, An' we had a lit - tle meet-in'



in de morn - in', A - for to hear Ga - bel's trum - pet sound.

2 Ole sister Hannah, she took her seat,
An' she want all de member to foller her;
An' we had a little meetin' in de mornin',
A-for to hear Gabel's trumpet sound.
CHO.—Jerusalem mornin', &c.

3 Sweet turtle dove, she sing-a so sweet,
Muddy de water, so deep,
An' we had a little meetin' in de mornin',
A-for to hear Gabel's trumpet sound.
CHO.—Jerusalem mornin', &c.

(SOLO.) 5 Ole brudder Philip, he took his seat,
An' he want all de member to foller him,
An' we had a little meetin' in de mornin',
A-for to hear Gabel's trumpet sound.
CHO.—Jerusalem mornin', &c.

(SOLO.) 6 Ole sister Hagar, she took her seat,
An' she want all de member to foller her,
An' we had a little meetin' in de mornin',
A-for to hear Gabel's trumpet sound,
CHO.—Jerusalem mornin', &c.

(SOLO.) 7 Ole brudder Moses took his seat,
An' he want all de member to foller him,
An' we had a little meetin' in de mornin',
A-for to hear Gabel's trumpet sound.
CHO.—Jerusalem mornin', &c.

8 Sweet turtle dove, she sing-a so sweet,
Muddy de water, so deep,
An' we had a little meetin' in de mornin'.
A-for to hear Gabel's trumpet sound.
CHO.—Jerusalem mornin', &c.

Gideon's Band; or, De milk-white Horses.

The explanation which has been given us of the origin of this curious hymn is, we think, invaluable as an example of the manner in which external facts grew to have a strange symbolical meaning in the imaginative mind of the negro race.

In a little town in one of the Southern States, a Scriptural panorama was exhibited, in which Gideon's Band held a prominent place, the leader being conspicuously mounted upon a white horse. The black people of the neighborhood crowded to see it, and suddenly, and to themselves inexplicably, this swinging "Milk-White Horses" sprang up among them, establishing itself soon as a standard church and chimney-corner hymn.

Oh, de band ob Gid - e - on, band ob Gid - e - on, band ob Gid - e - on,
Oh, de milk-white hor - ses, milk-white hor - ses, milk-white hor - ses,

o - ber in Jor - dan, Band ob Gid - e - on, band ob Gid - e - on,
o - ber in Jor - dan, Milk white hor - ses, milk-white hor - ses,

DUET.

How I long to see dat day. 1. I hail to my sis - ter, my

sis - ter she bow low, Say, don't you want to go to heb - ben,

CHO.

How I long to see dat day. Oh, de twelve white hor - ses,
Oh, hitch'em to the cha - ri - ot.

Gideon's Band.—Concluded.

twelve white hor - ses, twelve white hor - ses o - ber in Jor - dan,
hitch'em to de cha - ri - ot, hitch'em to de cha - ri - ot o - ber in Jor - dan,

Twelve white hor - ses, twelve white hor - ses, How I long to see dat day.
Hitch'em to the chariot, hitch'em to the chariot, How I long, &c.

2 Duo.—I hail to my brudder, my brudder he bow low,
Say, den't you want to go to hebben?—
How I long to see dat day!

CHO.—Oh, ride up in de chariot, ride up in de chariot,
Ride up in de chariot ober in Jordan;
Ride up in de chariot, ride up in de chariot—
How I long to see dat day!
It's a golden chariot, a golden chariot,
Golden chariot ober in Jordan;
Golden chariot, a golden chariot—
How I long to see dat day!

3 Duo.—I hail to de mourner, de mourner he bow low,
Say, don't you want to go to hebben?—
How I long to see dat day!

CHO.—Oh, de milk an' honey, milk an' honey,
Milk an' honey ober in Jordan;
Milk an' honey, milk an' honey—
How I long to see dat day!
Oh, de healin' water, de healin' water,
Healin' water ober in Jordan;
Healin' water, de healin' water—
How I long to see dat day!

De Winter'll soon be Over.

Oh de win-ter, win-ter, de win-ter, win-ter, de win-ter, de winter'll soon be

o - ber, chil - dren, de win - ter, de win - ter, de win - ter, de

win - ter'll soon be o - ber, chil - dren, de win - ter, de

win - ter, de win-ter'll soon be o - ber, children, Yes, my Lord:

On look up yon-der what I see. Bright angels com-in' ar - ter me.

- 2 I turn my eyes towards de sky,
An' ask de Lord for wings to fly;
If you get dere before I do,
Look out for me I'm comin' too. *Cho.*
- 3 Oh Jordan's ribber is deep an' wide,
But Jesus stan' on de hebbenly side;
An' when we get on Canaan's shore,
We'll shout, an' sing forebber more. *Cho.*

Keep Me from sinkin' Down.

Oh Lord, Oh my Lord! Oh my good Lord! Keep me from sink-in'

down, Oh my Lord. Oh my good Lord, Keep me from sink-in'

Oh Lord,

1st. 2nd. Fine.

down. down, Keep me from sink - in' down. I

tell you what I mean to do, Keep me from sink - in' down,
bless de Lord I'm gwine to die. Keep me from sink - in' down,

D.C.

I mean to go to heb - ben too, Keep me from sink - in' down.
I'm gwine to judgment by an' by. Keep me from sink - in' down.

Hear de Angels singin'.

CHO.

Oh, sing all de way, sing all de way, Sing all de way, my Lord,

SOLO.

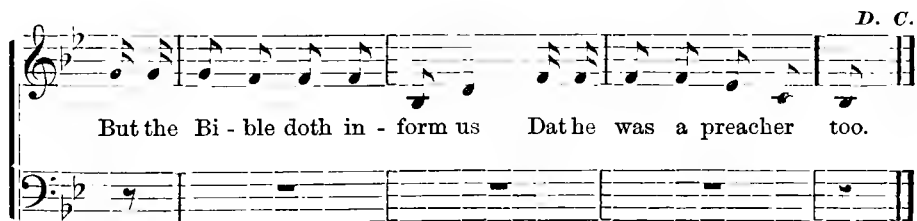
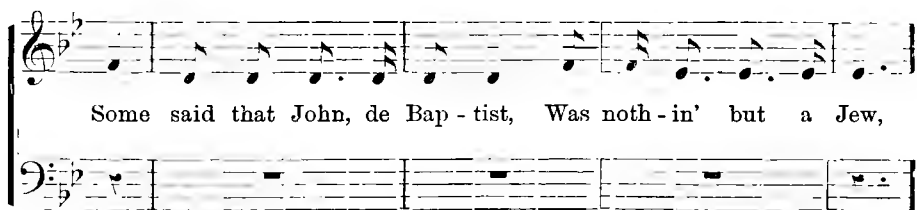
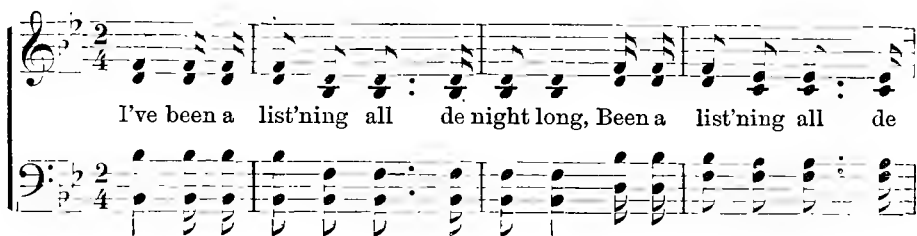
Hear de an - gels sing - in'. We're marchin' up to Heb-ben,
An' Je - sus is on - a
Dem-a Christ - tians take
Dey're i - dlin' on

D. C.

its a hap - py time; Hear de an - gels sing - in'.
de.... mid - dle line;
up.... too much time;
dat.... bat - tle line;

- 2 Now all things well, an' I don't dread hell;—
Hear de angels singin',
I am goin' up to Hebben, where my Jesus dwell;—
Hear de angels singin'.
For de angels are callin' me away,—
Hear de angels singin',
An' I must go, I cannot stay,—
Hear de angels singin'. CHO.—Oh, sing, &c.
- 3 Now take your Bible, an' read it through,—
Hear de angels singin',
An' ebery word you'll find is true;—
Hear de angels singin'.
For in dat Bible you will see,—
Hear de angels singin',
Dat Jesus di'd for you an' me,—
Hear de angels singin'. CHO.—Oh, sing, &c.
- 4 Say, if my memory sarves me right,—
Hear de angels singin',
We're sure to hab a little shout to-night,—
Hear de angels singin'.
For I love to shout, I love to sing,—
Hear de angels singin'.
I love to praise my Hebbenly King,—
Hear de angels singin'. CHO.—Oh, sing, &c.

I've been a-list'ning all de Night long.



2.

Go, read the fifth of Matthew,
 An' a read de chapter thro',
 It is de guide to Christians,
 An' a tells dem what to do.
 Cho.—I've been a list'ning, &c.

3.

Dere was a search in heaven,
 An' a all de earth around,
 John stood in sorrow hoping
 Dat a Saviour might be found.
 Cho.—I've been a list'ning, &c.

Babylon's Fallin'.

This is often used in Hampton as a Marching song, and is quite effective when the two hundred students are filing out of the assembly room to its spirited movement. We recommend it for similar use to Schools and Kindergartens.

Pure cit - y, Bab - y - lon's fall - in', to rise no more,

Pure cit - y, Bab - y - lon's fall - in', to rise no more.

CHORUS.

Oh, Bab - y - lon's fall - in', fall - in', fall - in', Bab - y - lon's fall - in' to

rise no more, Oh, Bab - y - lon's fall - in', fall - in', fall - in',

Bab - y - lon's fall - in' to rise no more. Oh, Je - sus tell you
If you get dere be -

Babylon's Fallin'.—Concluded.

once be - fore, Bab - y - lon's fall - in' to rise no more; To
fore I do, Bab - y - lon's fall - in' to rise no more; Tell

Dal Seg. Cho.

go in peace an' sin no more; Babylon's fall in' to rise no more.
all my friends I'm comin' too; Babylon, &c.

De ole Ark a-moverin' Along.

1st.

Jes' wait a lit - tle while. I'm gwine to tell ye 'bout de ole ark,
De Lord told No - ah for to build him an [*Omit.*]

2nd.

ole ark, De ole ark a - mov - er - in', a - mov - er - in' a - long,

Oh de ole ark a - mov - er - in', a - mov - er - in', a - mov - er - in', De

De ole Ark a-moverin' Along.—Concluded.*Omit in the last verse,**For the last verse only.***FINE.**

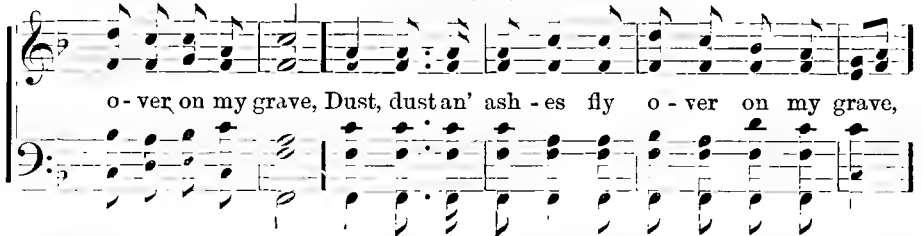
2 Den Noah an' his sons went to work upon de dry lan',
 De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
 Dey built dat ark jes' accordin' to de comman',
 De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
 Noah an' his sons went to work upon de timber,
 De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
 De proud began to laugh. an' de silly point de'r finger,
 De ole ark a-moverin', &c.
 Cho.—De ole ark a-moverin', &c.

3 When de ark was finished jes' accordin' to de plan,
 De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
 Massa Noah took in his family, both animal an' man,
 De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
 When de rain began to fall an' de ark began to rise,
 De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
 De wicked hung around' wid der groans an' de'r cries,
 De ole ark a-moverin', &c.
 Cho.—Oh de ole ark a-moverin', &c.

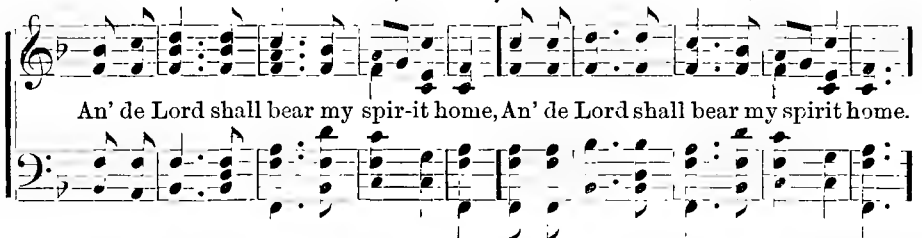
4 Forty days an' forty nights, de rain it kep' a fallin',
 De ole ark a-moverin', &c.
 De wicked clumb de trees, an' for help dey kep' a callin',
 De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
 Dat awful rain, she stopped at last, de waters dey subsided,
 De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
 An' dat ole ark wid all on board on Ararat she rided,
 De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
 Cho.—Oh, de ole ark a-moverin', &c.

Dust an' Ashes.

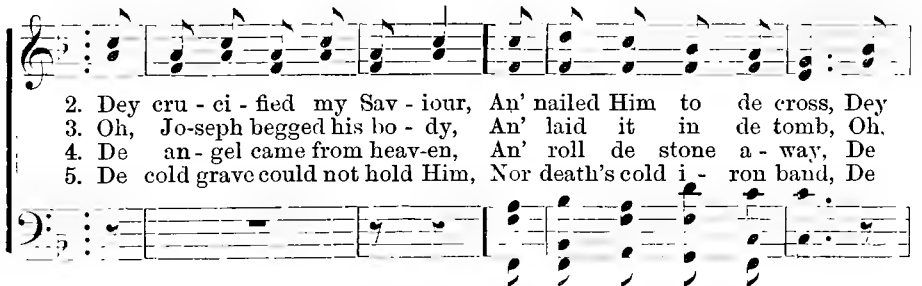

1. Dust, dust an' ash - es fly ov - er on my grave, Dust, dust an' ash - es fly



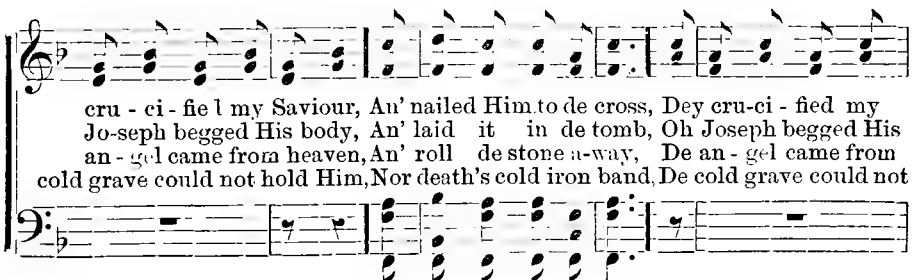
o - ver on my grave, Dust, dust an' ash - es fly o - ver on my grave,



An' de Lord shall bear my spir - it home, An' de Lord shall bear my spirit home.



2. Dey cru - ci - fied my Sav - iour, An' nailed Him to de cross, Dey
3. Oh, Jo - seph begged his bo - dy, An' laid it in de tomb, Oh.
4. De an - gel came from heav - en, An' roll de stone a - way, De
5. De cold grave could not hold Him, Nor death's cold i - ron band, De



cru - ci - fied my Saviour, An' nailed Him to de cross, Dey cru - ci - fied my
Jo - seph begged His body, An' laid it in de tomb, Oh Joseph begged His
an - gel came from heaven, An' roll de stone a - way, De an - gel came from
cold grave could not hold Him, Nor death's cold iron band, De cold grave could not

Dust an' Ashes.—Continued.

Sav-iour, An' nailed Him to de cross, An' de Lord shall bear my
bo - dy, An' laid it in de tomb, An' de Lord shall bear, &c.
heb - ben, An' roll de stone a - way, An' de Lord shall bear, &c.
hold Him, Nor death's cold i - ron band, An' de Lord shall bear, &c.

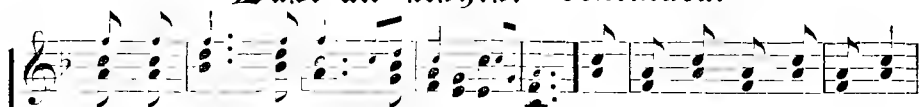
spi - rit home, An' de Lord shall bear my spi - rit home.

CHORUS.

He rose, He rose, He rose from de dead, He rose, He
He rose, He rose, He rose,

rose, He rose from the dead. He rose, He rose,
He rose, He rose, He rose,

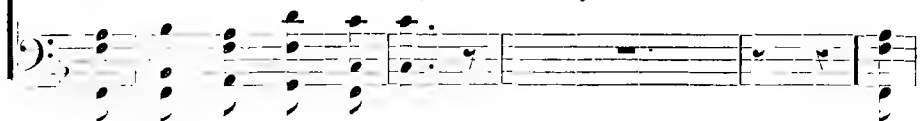
He rose from de dead, an' de Lord shall bear my spi - rit home;

Dust an' Ashes.—Continued.

An' de Lord shall bear my spir-it home. 6. Oh Ma - ry came a - run-nin',



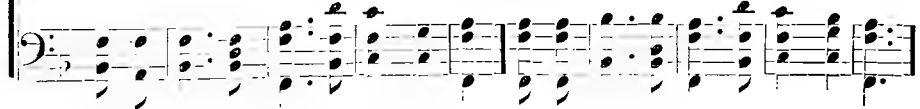
her Sav - iour for to see, Oh Ma - ry came a - run - nin', Her



Saviour for to see, Oh Mary came a - run - nin, Her Saviour for to see,



An' de Lord shall bear my spir-it home, An' de Lord shall bear my spirit home.



7. De an - gel say He is not here, He's gone to Gal-i - lee, De



angel say He is not here, He's gone to Gal-i - lee, De an - gel say He

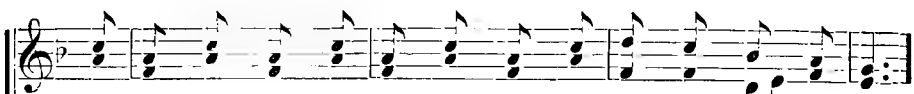


Dust an' Ashes.—Continued.

is not here, He's gone to Gal - i - lee. An' de Lord shall bear my



spir - it home, An' de Lord shall bear my spir - it home.



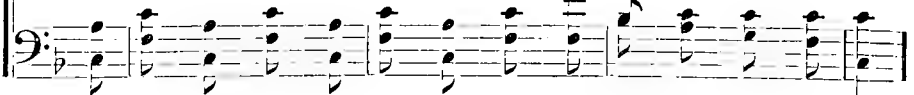
De an - gel say He is not here, He's gone to Gal - i - lee,



De an - gel say He is not here, He's gone to Gal - i - lee,



De an - gel say He is not here, He's gone to Gal - i - lee,



An' de Lord shall bear my spir - it home, An' de Lord shall



Dust an' Ashes.—Concluded.**CHORUS.**

The musical score is written for a two-part setting (Soprano and Bass) in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of eight staves, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are as follows:

bear my spir - it home. He rose, He rose,
 He rose, He rose.
 He rose from de dead, He rose, He rose,
 He rose, He rose,
 He rose from de dead, He rose, He rose,
 He rose, He rose,
 He rose from de dead, An' de Lord shall bear my spir - it
 home, An' de Lord shall bear my spir - it home.

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S. C. ARMSTRONG, Principal.

J. F. B. MARSHALL, Treasurer.

HAMPTON

Normal & Agricultural Institute

OPENED, APRIL, 1868. INCORPORATED, JUNE, 1870.

STATEMENT OF FACTS AND SUMMARY OF RESULTS.

Number of Graduates, 190.

Number of teachers, 17—of whom 12 are ladies. Number of students in Academic Dept., 211; in Boarding Dept., 171; in Labor Dept., 171. Students in Senior Class, 44; Middle, 63; Junior, 81; Preparatory, 23. Boys, 132; Girls, 79. Total, 211. Average age, 18.

The course of study is three years and includes, among other branches, the study of the English Language, Arithmetic and Algebra, United States and Universal History, Geography, Physiology, Natural Philosophy, Music, Science of Government and Moral Science, Book-keeping, Bible Lessons and Methods of Teaching. No classics are taught. Instruction is given in Practical Farming, Sewing, Cooking, Household work and Printing. Conditions of admission are: Good character and health, and a knowledge of Reading, Writing, and of Arithmetic through Long Division. None under fourteen (14) or over twenty-five (25) years of age admitted.

Tuition or the cost of instruction (\$70 per annum), which students cannot pay, is provided by the friends of the Institution.

The regular annual charge to students at \$10 per month, for the school year of eight and one-half months is \$85, to be paid *half in cash and half in labor*. This covers board, fuel, washing, lights, furnished rooms, mending garments and medical attend-

ance. The entire annual *cash* cost (exclusive of books or clothing), to good workers male or female, of 19 years of age or over, is \$42.50; for those under 19 it is \$51.00 (such work out \$4.00 and pay \$6.00 monthly). Books cost about \$1.00 per annum. Clothing made by the girls is sold cheaply to those who need it: the majority come partially supplied. These expenses of board, &c., are met by the students and their immediate friends—it is *their part*. While aid is given to the destitute and deserving, it is, as a rule, better for the character and self-respect of students to pay their personal expenses; experience has, in a marked way, justified this course.

The theory of this Institution is *education through self-help*. Its practical working is shown by the following figures:

Students paid in cash the school year, up to	
July 1st, 1875,	\$6,006.97
In labor (working at the rate of 5 to 8 cents	
per hour	7,437.95
Received as personal aid	3,309.82
Unpaid debts	446.10
Total year's charges to students . .	<u>\$17,200.84</u>

Four-fifths of all school expenses, excepting tuition, are paid by students. Their cash payments are principally from earnings during vacation as teachers, farmers, and hotel waiters, or are provided by parents or friends. It should be borne in mind, however, that the institution assumes the entire responsibility of these expenses. It gets from students what it can; the labor it provides at some sacrifice.

The instruction and discipline of labor and the civilizing influences of living in a well-ordered way are quite as valuable to the students as the book knowledge they acquire. The former they secure mainly by their own efforts; the latter must be given to them.

The total real estate of the institute, including 195 acres of land, is valued at \$183,500. Its debt is four thousand dollars. Its endowment fund yields \$2,000 annually.

The Trustees of the Hampton Normal
and Agricultural Institute have
undertaken to raise an En-
dowment Fund of

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!

To maintain the Hampton work in full strength, with its multiplying outposts and far-spreading influence, while efforts are making for an endowment fund, we ask donations for current expenses. Any amount will be thankfully received, but we would especially urge contributions of yearly scholarships of seventy (70) dollars. A scholarship is tuition, or the expense of educating a student (not his board bill, which he pays partly in cash, and partly—in some cases entirely, by labor.) The course of study is three years. It requires two hundred and ten dollars to train a teacher, who, by his own efforts, will have earned more than is given him. To meet earnest, capable, self-reliant youth half way in their struggles for education, is a wise and helpful charity, stimulating but not weakening them. It is sowing seed for a ready harvest. This school is based on the idea of self-help: value for value is fundamental. Character is developed, and good men and women, rather than polished scholars, are sent into the world. As a class, they labor for temperance, in the Sunday-schools, and for the spread of Christian truth, in the interest of no denomination, and are often opposed by the rigid sectarianism of local churches and ignorant preachers. Ninety per cent. of our 190 graduates are teaching. Four-fifths of them are, we have reason to believe, true Christians.

There never was a time when the colored people needed wise help more than now: never was there such a complete machinery for making contributions effective for their welfare. The foundations of a great educational work are laid at Hampton: it remains to build thereon. Contributions may be sent to

J. F. B. MARSHALL, Treasurer,
Box 10, HAMPTON, VA.

Or to **S. C. ARMSTRONG, Principal.**

TESTIMONIALS.

The official report of a board of visitors, consisting of President Hopkins, of Williams College, Secretary Northrup, of the Connecticut Board of Education, Gen. J. A. Garfield, of Ohio, and Alexander Hyde, Esq., thus speaks of the Institute:

“Of it we do not fear to speak with satisfaction and hope. . . . We are doing for the Freedmen through this Institute, with such modifications as their condition demands, just what we are doing for ourselves in those States which are farthest advanced in education. The Institute is adapted to do a great work for the African race, both in this, and in their fatherland. It is just the agency needed, through which benevolent individuals and the fund of Mr. Peabody may work. *In the plan, nothing is wanting. To carry it out, executive ability and business talent of a high order will be needed. These we think it has in those at the head of each of the departments*, and we heartily commend the enterprise to the confidence, to the prayers, and to the benefactions of the good people of the whole country.”

Dr. W. H. Ruffner, Superintendent of Public Instruction of Virginia, writes: “My impression of the importance of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute is very strong. No friend of the colored race should regard it with indifference. It is doing a peculiar work for the colored race, well suited to develop their character, and all the faculties of its pupils. I believe it to be exceedingly well conducted, and I know that it commands the confidence of persons of all varieties of sentiment among our people. If the friends of education knew the good you were doing and might do, they would give your institution a large endowment.”

YALE COLLEGE, NEW HAVEN.

The undersigned have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that the institute for training colored persons as teachers, at Hampton, Virginia, is one of the most promising of the many schools that have been established at the South. From their personal knowledge of the managers and teachers; of the methods and training; of its actual success in gaining the confidence of some of the most devoted friends of education in Virginia, and of its well founded promise of permanency, they feel justified in warmly recommending the institution to the friends of education and religion, as worthy of their confidence, and to their liberal aid.

NOAH PORTER,

THEODORE D. WOOLSEY.

The undersigned cordially concur in the above.

WM. IVES BUDDINGTON, R. S. STORRS, Jr., Brooklyn.

E. P. ROGERS, JOHN COTTON SMITH,

E. W. WASHBURN, H. DYER, New York.

We take pleasure in expressing our hearty approval of the design of the Hampton Institute, and our admiration of the patient energy, skill, and foresight with which this design has thus far been carried out. General Armstrong and his fellow laborers are entitled to the thanks of the whole country for what they have done toward solving one of the hardest problems of reconstruction. Their work has received warm commendation from some of our most distinguished educators and philanthropists, several of whom examined it upon the ground.

Our churches, as is well known, are carrying on, through the Committee of Missions for Freedmen, an important educational and religious work among the colored people of the South, and the claims of this cause are particularly urgent at the present moment. But we cannot hesitate, on their account, to bid the Hampton Institute God speed and to declare our conviction that it is worthy of the considerate attention, sympathy, and generous support of Christian patriots and friends of humanity in New York and elsewhere.

G. L. PRENTISS,
WM. ADAMS,

J. O. MURRAY,
H. B. SMITH.

R. D. HITCHCOCK,

We cordially commend the Hampton, Va., Normal Institute to the confidence and benefactions of the friends of education, religion and our country.

STEPHEN H. TYNG,
JOS. P. THOMPSON,
New York.

A. H. VINTON,
A. P. PEABODY,

PHILLIPS BROOKS,
EDWARD E. HALE,
Boston.

BAMAS SEARS.

JOSEPH CUMMINGS.

U. S. SENATE, WASHINGTON, D. C., *April*, 1872.

I recently visited the Hampton Institute, and was highly gratified at what I saw and heard. I believe it to be well managed, and worthy of the confidence and generous support of the Christian men and women of our country.

HENRY WILSON.

Many additional commendations have been given.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I bequeath to my executors the sum of _____ dollars,
in *trust*, to pay over the same in _____ after my de-
cease, to the person who, when the same is payable, shall act as Treasurer
of the Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, located
at Hampton, Virginia, and incorporated in the year eighteen hundred and
seventy.

"Southern Workman,"

(NOW IN ITS FIFTH YEAR).

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY,

Printed by the Students of the Hampton Institute;

—DEVOTED TO—

THE INDUSTRIAL CLASS OF THE SOUTH.

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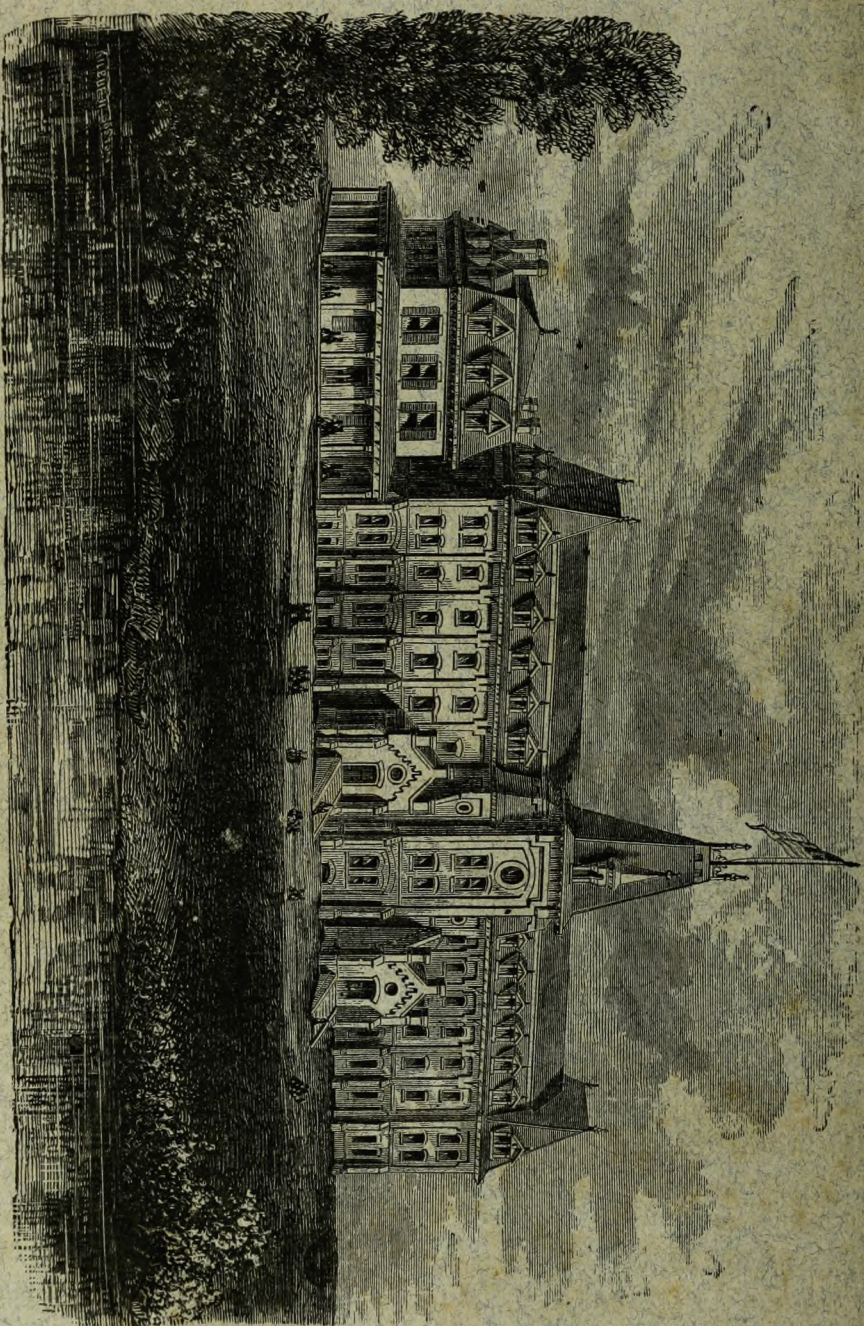
Sunday School Edition, - - One Cent per Copy.

Besides affording to colored youth one of the few opportunities in the South for learning the printer's trade, it aims to give an impartial and reliable account of industrial and educational matters at the South, especially among the freedmen, and observes and encourages the signs of the good feeling between the races that is so essential to the welfare of all.

On receipt of one dollar, one year's subscription to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, we will send to any one who shall forward five cents for postage, a neat pamphlet entitled "Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students," containing 82 pages of original negro music, with words in dialect.

These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by that Company in 1873-4-5.

The books are sold at 40 cents apiece.



VIRGINIA HALL, containing 70 Girls' and Teachers' rooms, a Dining room (to seat 250), a Chapel (to seat 500), a Kitchen, Laundry and Bath rooms, Sewing room, a Printing office, Repair shop, and Store rooms.

